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*A. Watte del.*

*C. Goussier sculp.*

*These venerable antient Song-enditers  
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:  
With rough majestic force they mov'd the heart,  
And strength and nature made amends for Art.*

*Rowe*

Anne Lemima Yorke 1767  
Percy, Thomas, ed.

R<sup>E</sup>LIQ<sup>U</sup>ES

O F

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other  
PIECES of our earlier POETS,

(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)

Together with some few of later Date.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
ELIZABETH  
COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND:  
IN HER OWN RIGHT  
BARONESS PERCY, LUCY, POYNINGS, FITZ-PAYNE,  
BRYAN, AND LATIMER.

MADAM,

THOSE writers, who solicit the protection of the noble and the great, are often exposed to censure by the impropriety of their addresses: a remark that will perhaps

( viii )

such reception, as is usually shewn to poets and historians, by those whose consciousness of merit makes it their interest to be long remembered.

I am,

MADAM,

YOUR LADYSHIP'S

Most Humble

And most devoted Servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

## The P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near 200 poems, songs, and metrical romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century, but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.

This manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the author of the RAMBLER, and the late Mr. SHENSTONE.

Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected as either shew the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They

They are here distributed into THREE VOLUMES; each of which contains an independent SERIES of poems, arranged for the most part, according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each VOLUME, or SERIES, is divided into three BOOKS, to afford so many pauses, or resting places to the Reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics\* have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: And to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind, Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first-rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English Minstrels: and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists, are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class: of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling

\*Mr. ADDISON, Mr. DRYDEN, and the witty Lord DORSET, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive.—The learned SELDEN appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things. See p. XI.

Minstrels,

## P R E F A C E.

Minstrels, who composed their rhimes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no farther than for present applause, and present subsistence.

The reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in a slight Essay subjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgments to those gentlemen, who were so kind as to impart extracts from them: for while this selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work, and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys, Esq; secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left passed in five volumes in folio; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection he tells us was "Begun by Mr. SELDEN; improved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in time; and the whole continued down to the year 1700."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford, is a small collection of ballads, made by Anthony Wood, in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than 200. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleyan Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Hen. viii, Edw. vi, Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS. besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected,  
and



and from many private collections, as well printed, as manuscript: particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies, tho' often for the sake of brevity one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several\*. Where any thing was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is distinguished by two inverted 'commas'. And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful, as the imperfect state of his materials would admit: for these old popular rhymes have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care, than any other writings in the world.

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. SHENSTONE, who was to have borne joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him. Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. A large MS. collection of poems was a present from HUMPHREY PITT, Esq; of Prior's Lee, in Shropshire, to whom this public acknowledgment is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, Bart. of Hayes, near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems, with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some

\* Thus in Book I. No. VI. of this vol. one MS only is mentioned, tho' some additional stanzas were recovered from another fragment: and this has sometimes been the case elsewhere.

# P R E F A C E

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Allying favours of the kind and very soon the Hon. JOHN MCGOWAN, Esq. of Edinburgh, and the various expatriations of Scotch verse in the poems from Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. HENDERSON, of Edinburgh, and the WARTON, who in private does it more than in the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and another who in that University contributes some national poems to the Oxford Edition. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge desire the Editor's varied acknowledgments: to Mr. BARNARD, who reads at Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance seen in the Peppian Library: and Mr. FARMER, Fellow of Emmanuel, often exerted in favour of this work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is distinguished. Much ground from ancient MSS. in the British Museum and elsewhere, were owing to the kind favour of Mr. Farmer, of whom the public is indebted for the various Editions and last lately annexed to the Harleian Catalogue. The Editor's Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries desires acknowledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the various collections. To Mr. GARRICK's curious collection of old plays we owe scarce pieces of ancient poetry, and the few of which he indulged the Editor in the present manner. To the Rev. Dr. BENTLEY is due a list of the old of several ancient and modern works. To the friendship of Mr. JOHNSON he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And if the Editor's measures such and curious, that might be exposed in a light & publication, it is to be ascribed to the generosity of several who stands at this time the best in the world for modern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations than in our own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Editor's friend, Junius's Etymologicon, and of the Editor's friend.

The NAMES of the many men of learning and industry

the

the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure, for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of OLD BALLADS. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius, and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent; the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (tho' but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light, their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

AN ESSAY  
ON THE ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS.

THE MINSTRELS seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards, who united the arts of Poetry and Music, and sung verses to the harp; of their own composing. It is well known what respect was shewn to their BARDS by the Britons : and no less was paid to the northern SCALDS † by most of the nations of Gothic race. Our Saxon ancestors, as well as their brethren the ancient Danes, had been accustomed to hold men of this profession in the highest reverence. Their skill was considered as something divine, their persons were deemed sacred, their attendance was solicited by kings, and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards \*. In short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excell them in intellectual accomplishments. When the Saxons were converted to christianity, in proportion as letters prevailed among them, this rude admiration began to abate, and poetry was no longer a peculiar profession. The Poet and the Minstrel † became two persons. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately, and

† So the ancient Danes, &c. intitled their Bards. See Pref. to Five pieces of Runic poetry, 8vo. 1763.

\* Mallet, L'Introd. a l'Hist. de Dannemarc. 4to. Bartholin. Antiq. Dan. 4to.

† The word MINSTREL is derived from the French *Menestrier* ; and was not in use here before the Norman conquest. It is remarkable that our old monkish historians do not use the word *Citharædus*, *Cantator*, or the like, to express a MINSTREL in Latin ; but either *Mimus*, *Histrion*, *Joculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it should seem that the Minstrels set off their singing by mimicry or action : or according to Dr. Brown's hypothesis, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. See his ingenious Hist. of the Rise of Poetry, &c.  
many

many of the most popular rhimes were composed amid the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men, and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp, at the houses of the great. There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors the Bards and Scalds. And indeed tho' some of them only recited the compositions of others, many of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic ballads in this collection were produced in this order of men. For altho' some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monk or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the Minstrels who sung them. From the amazing variations, which occur in different copies of these old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each other's productions, and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as is hinted above, this profession was held in great reverence among the Saxon tribes, as well as among their Danish brethren. This appears from two remarkable facts in history, which show that the same arts of music and song were equally admired among both nations, and that the privileges and honours conferred upon the professors of them were common to both; as it is well known their customs, manners, and even language were not in those times very dissimilar.

When our great king Alfred was desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm; he assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel\*.

\* *Fingens se JOCULATOREM, assumpta citbara, &c.* Ingulph Hist. p. 869.—*Sub specie MIMI . . . ut JOCULATORIÆ professus artis.* Malmesb. l. 2. c. 4. p. 43. One name for a Minstrel in old French was JOUGLEUR.

and taking his harp, and only one attendant, (for in the early times it was not unusual for a Minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp †) he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp. And though he could not but be known to be a Saxon, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception; he was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault, which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after, a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel ‡, Anlaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents, and taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music: and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward; though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Anlaff bury the money which had been given him, from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

From the uniform procedure of both these kings, it is plain that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the Minstrel was a privileged character among both. Even so late as the reign of Edward II. the Minstrels were easily admitted into the royal presence; as appears from a passage in Stow †, which also shews the splendor of their appearance.

"In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster in the great hall: where sitting royally at the table with his peers about

† See this vol. p. 57. 65.

‡ *Assumpta manu cithara . . . professus MINUM, qui hujusmodi arte stipem quotidianam mercaretur . . . Jussus abire pretium tantus accepit.* Malmsh. l. 2. c. 6.

† Survey of Lond. 1603. p. 469.

“ him, there entered a woman ADORNED LIKE A MINSTRELL †, SITTING ON A GREAT HORSE TRAPPED, AS MINSTRELS THEN USED, who rode round about the tables, shewing pastime; and at length came up to the king’s table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one, and “ departed.”—The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The messenger was sent in a Minstrel’s habit, as what would gain an easy admission ||; and was a Woman concealed under that habit, I suppose, to disarm the king’s resentment: For I do not find that any of the real Minstrels were of the female sex, and therefore conclude this was only an artful contrivance peculiar to that occasion.

In the 4th year of Richard II. †, John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a COURT OF MINSTRELS, with a full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them, as should refuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter\*, by which they were empowered to appoint a KING OF THE MINSTRELS, with four officers, to preside over them. These were every year elected with great ceremony, the whole form of which is described by Dr. Plott §; in whose time however they seem to have become mere musicians.

† *Ornata HISTRIONALi habitu*. Walsingh. p. 109. (That Minstrels sometimes rode on horseback, see in this vol. p. 57. 65. &c.)

|| When the porter was blamed for admitting her, he answered, *Non esse moris domus regie HISTRIONES ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere*, &c. Walsingh.

\* Anno 1381.

† Intituled *Carte le Roy de Ministraulx*. (In Latin *Histriones*. Vid. Plott. p. 437.)

§ Hist. of Staffordsh. Ch. 1p. §. 69—76. p. 435, &c.

Even



Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII. the Reciters of verses, or moral speeches learnt by heart, intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus †, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who DID NOT sing their compositions; but the others that DID, enjoyed without doubt the same privileges.

The Reader will find that the Minstrels continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; in whose time they had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect. Yet still they sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads ‡.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were exhibited for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was that of an ancient MINSTREL, whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present †, and give us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

“ A PERSON very meet seemed he for the purpose, of  
“ a xlv years old, aparelled partly as he would himself.  
“ His cap off: his head seemly rounded tonster-wise ||:  
“ fair kemberd, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little  
“ capon's greace, was finely smoothed, to make it shine  
“ like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaven:  
“ and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair  
“ starched, sleeked and glistering like a pair of new

† See his ECCLESIAST. . . . *Irrumpunt in convivium magnatum, aut in cauponas vinarias; et argumentum aliquod quod addiderunt recitant, &c.* Jortin, vol. 2. p. 193.

‡ See vol. 2. p. 162.

† R. L. [Langham] author of a letter 12mo. describing the Queen's entertainment at Killingworth in 1575. p. 46. (This writer's orthography is not here copied.)

|| “Tonsure-wise,” after the manner of the Monks.



of the manners, the old po-  
etry, and these manners would remain likewise;  
as their boundaries became more con-  
fined, and their neighbours refined, the poetry of the  
country would be more distinctly peculiar, and  
more strikingly remarked.

The Reader will observe in the more ancient ballad  
an affectedness, a cast of style and measure very differ-  
ent from that of contemporary poets of a higher class: many  
redundancies, which the Minstrels seem to have  
addressed to themselves, and a very remarkable licence  
in the accent of words at pleasure, in order  
to the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhime

*Countrie barpèr battel morning*  
*Landis finger damsèl loving,*  
country, or country, lady, barper, finger, &c.—This  
is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets  
of the same age; or even by the latter composers of  
classical ballads: I mean by such as professedly wrote  
for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as  
Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed  
their songs for publication, and probably never com-  
menced writing themselves: what copies are preserve  
d were doubtless taken down from their mouths.  
When the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race  
of writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor po-  
ets, who wrote narrative songs meerly for the press. In-  
stances may be found in the reign of Elizabeth.  
The best pieces in the genuine strain of the old M  
which I can discover, are No. III. and IV. of E  
of this volume. Lower than these I cannot  
recommend as writing.  
The old Minstrel-ballads are in the northern dia-  
lect, with unique words and phrases, are extre-  
mely loose into the utmost licence of metre;  
and in the same wildness, and are in the true f  
the other sort are written in exacter

sure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners.—To be sensible of the difference between them, let the Reader compare in this volume No. III. of book III. with No. IX. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (as is mentioned above) the genuine old Minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little Miscellanies under the name of GARLANDS, and at length to be written purposely for such collections\*.

\* In the Pepysian, and other libraries, are preserved a great number of these in black letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of England's Royall Garden, &c. by Richard Johnson, 1612. [In the Bodleyan Library.]—2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.—3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D. 1631.—4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D.—5. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier.—6. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Tho. Delone.—7. Cupid's Garland set round with gilded Roses.—8. The Garland of withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1656.—9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c.—10. The Country Garland.—11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment.—12. The Lover's Garland.—13. Neptune's Fair Garland.—14. England's fair Garland.—15. Robin Hood's Garland.—16. The Lover's Garland.—17. The Maiden's Garland.—18. A loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime.—&c. &c. &c.

This sort of petty publications were anciently called PENNY-MERRIMENTS: as little religious tracts of the same size went by the name PENNY GODLINESES: In the Pepys Library are multitudes of both kinds.

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I never

I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that  
found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet  
and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with  
no rougher voice, than rude stile; which beeing  
evill aparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil  
age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous  
eloquence of Pindare?

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY

FINIS



ROBBER  
SONGS AND BALLADS,  
&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.  
BOOK I

I.  
THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

*The first heroic song of CHEVY-CHASE has ever been admired by successive ages. Its genuine strains of nature and antique grandeur, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has varied the amusements of our childhood, and the recreation of our riper years.*

VOL. III.

B

200.

## 2      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

*Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique\* on this popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of our present copy; for this, if one may judge from the language, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the eulogium of Sir Philip Sidney: perhap. consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered a genuine antique poem: the true original song, which appeared even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil-aparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.*

*This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbrigienfis Hist. 178vo. vol. 1. To the MS. Copy is subjoined the name of the author, RICHARD SHEALE ‡: whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the grammar of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland †, (fol. 1 under the title of the HUNTIS OF CHEVET; where the following lines are also quoted;*

The Perslee and the Mongumrye mette ‡.  
That day, that day, that gentill day ||:

*Which, tho' not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author quoting from memory. Indeed whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI: as on the other hand, mention of James the Scottish King †, with one or*

\* Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> 70. 74.

‡ Subscribed, after the usual manner of our old poets, *explicit* [explicit] *quoth* Richard Sheale.

† One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press; now found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted: it is supposed to have been printed in 1540. See Ames.

‡ See Pt. 2. v. 25. || See Pt. 1. v. 104. † Pt. 2. v. 36.

*Anachronism, forbid us to assign it an earlier date. King James I, who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father\*, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI, but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne†. A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.*

*So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, altho' it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the laws of the marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies‡. There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind we may suppose gave rise to the ancient ballad of the HUNTING A' THE CHEVIAT‡. Percy earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish*

B 2

border

\* Who died Aug. 5. 1406.

† James I. was crowned May 22. 1424. murdered Feb. 21. 1436-7.

‡ In 1460.—Hen. VI. was deposed 1461: restored and slain 1471.

§ Item. . . Concordatum est, quod, . . . NULLUS unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solacium in eisdem, aliave quacunque de causa ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus . . . ad quem . . . loca . . . pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capte. & obtent. Vid. Ep. Nicholson's *Leges Marchiarum*. 1705. 8vo. pag. 27. 51.

¶ This was the original title. See the ballad, Pt. 1. v. 106. Pt. 2. v. 145.



border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties: something of which, it is probable, did really happen, tho' attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the BATTLE OF OTTERBURN †, a very different event; but which at times would easily confound with it. That battle might owing to some such previous affront as this of CHILCHASE, though it has escaped the notice of historians, poet has evidently jumbled the two events together: if in the lines ‡ in which this mistake is made, are not rather, and the after-insertion of some person, who did distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy; but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instance in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253. f. 29. 34. 61. 71. *passim*.

## THE FIRST PART.

THE Persé owt of Northombarlande,  
And a vowe to God mayd he,  
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns  
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,  
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles,  
And all that ever with him be.

† See the next ballad.  
‡ 5. magger in Hearne's MS.

Vid. Pt. 2. v. 161.

## A N D B A L L A D S.

The fattiffe hartes in all Cheviat  
 He sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away :  
 Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,  
 I wyll let that hoatyng yf that I may. 10

Then the Persé owt of Banborowe cam,  
 With him a myghtee meány ;  
 With fifteen hondrith archares bold ;  
 The wear chofen out of shyars thre.

This begane on a monday at morn 15  
 In Cheviat the hillys so he,  
 The chyld may rue that ys un-born,  
 It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went  
 For to reas the dear, 20  
 Bomen bickarte uppone the bent  
 With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went  
 On every fyde shear,  
 Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent 25  
 For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above  
 Yerly on a monnyn day ;

B 3

Be

*Ver. 11.* The the Persé. *MS.* *V. 13.* archardes bolde off  
 blood and bone. *MS.* *V. 19.* throrowe. *MS.*



## ANCIENT SONGS

Be that it drewe to the oware off none  
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay. 30

The blewe a mort upponc the bent,  
The semblyd on fydis shear ;  
To the quyrry then the Perfè went  
To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys 35  
This day tò met me hear ;  
But I wyfè he wold faylle verament :  
A gret oth the Perfè fwear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde  
Lokyde at his hand full ny, 40  
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge ;  
With him a myghtè meany,

Both with spear, ' byll,' and brande :  
Yt was a myghti fight to se.  
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande 45  
Wear not in Cristiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good  
' Withouten any fayle ;  
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,  
Yth bowndes of Tividale. 50  
Leave

*V.* 31. blwe a mot. *MS.* *V.* 42. myghtte. *MS.* *passim*,  
*V.* 43. brylly. *MS.* *V.* 48. withowte . . . feale. *MS.*

# AND BALLADS.

7

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,  
And to your bowys tayk good heed ;  
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne  
Had ye never so mickle need.

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede 55  
He rode his men beforne ;  
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede ;  
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me ' what' men ye ar, he says,  
Or whos men that ye be : 60  
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this  
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me ?

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,  
Yt was the good lord Persê :  
We wyll not tell the ' what' men we ar, he says, 65 .  
Nor whos men that we be ;  
But we wyll hount hear in this chays  
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat  
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way. 70  
Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,  
Ther-for the ton of us shal de this day.

B 4

Then

*V.* 52. boys lock ye tayk. *MS.* *V.* 54. ned. *MS.* *V.* 56. att.  
his. *MS.* *V.* 59. whos. *MS.* *V.* 64. w.boys. *MS.* *V.* 71.  
agay. *MS.*

## 8      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas  
 Unto the lord Perfè :  
 To kyll all thes giltles men,  
 A-las ! it wear great pittè.

But, Perfè, thowe art a lord of lande,  
 I am a yerle callyd within my contre ;  
 Let all our men uppone a parti stande ;  
 And do the battell off the and of me.

Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Perfè,  
 Who-soever ther-to says nay.  
 Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,  
 Thow shalt never se that day.

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France, 85  
 Nor for no man of a woman born,  
 But and fortune be my chance,  
 I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,  
 Ric. Wytharynton was his nam ; 90  
 It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,  
 To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twa,  
 I am a poor squyar of lande ;

I wyll

*V. 81. sayd the the. MS. V. 88. on. i. e. one. V. 93.  
 twaw. MS.*

# AND BALLADS. 9

I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde, 95  
 And stande my-selffe, and looke on,  
 But whyll I may my weppone welde  
 I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:  
 The first FIT here I fynde. 100  
 And you wyll here any mor athe hontyngathe Chyviat  
 Yet ys ther mor behynd.

## THE SECOND PART.

**T**HE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,  
 Ther hartes were good yenoughe;  
 The first of arros that the shote off,  
 Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent, 5  
 A captayne good yenoughe,  
 And that was sene verament,  
 For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his oft in thre,  
 Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde, 10  
 With

*V. 106. youe . . . heuntyng. MS. V. 3. first, i. e. flight.*  
*V. 5. byddys. MS.*

## 10      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

With fuar speares off myghttè us  
The cum in on every fyde.

Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery  
Gave many a wounde full wyde ;  
Many a doughete the garde to dy,  
Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglyshe men let thear bowys be,  
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright,  
It was a hevy fyght to se  
Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple  
Many sterne the stroke downe streght.  
Many a freyke, that was full fre,  
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,  
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne ;  
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat  
With swordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght  
Ther-to the wear full fayne,  
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente,  
As ever dyd heal or rayne.

He

*V. 17. boys. MS. V. 18. briggt. MS. V. 21. throre  
MS. V. 22. done. MS. V. 26. to, i. e. 1290. Ibid. and of. 1  
V. 32. ran. MS.*

## A N D B A L L A D S.

31

Holde the, Perſe, ſaid the Doglas,  
 And i' feth I ſhall the brynge  
 Wher thowe ſhalte have a yerls wagis  
 Of Jamy our Scottiſh kynge.

35

Thoue ſhalte have thy ranſom fre,  
 I hight the hear this thinge,  
 For the manfullyſte man yet art thowe,  
 That ever I conqueryd in ſilde fightyng.

40

Nay ' then' ſayd the lord Perſe,  
 I tolde it the beforne,  
 That I wolde never yeldyde be  
 To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe haſtely  
 Forthe off a mightie wane,  
 Hit hathe ſtrekene the yerle Duglas  
 In at the breſt bane.

45

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe  
 The ſharp arrowe ys gane,  
 That never after in all his lyffe days  
 He ſpayke mo wordes but ane,  
 That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whylls ye  
 may,  
 For my lyff days ben gan.

50

The

*F. 33. helde. MS. F. 36. Scottiſh. MS. F. 49. thoroue. MS.*



The Persê leanyde on his brande, 55  
And sawe the Duglas de ;  
He tooke the dede man be the hande,  
And sayd, Wo ys me for the !

To have savyde thy lyffe I wolde have pertyd with  
My landes for years thre, 60  
For a better man of hart, nare of hande  
Was not in all the north countre.

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,  
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,  
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght ; 65  
He spendyd a spear a truffi tre :

He rod uppon a corfiare  
Throughe a hondrith archery,  
He never styntyde, nar never blane  
Tyll he cam to the good lord Persê. 70

He set uppone the lorde Persê  
A dynte, that was full soare ;  
With a suar spear of a myghtè tre  
Clean thorow the body he the Persê bore,

Athe tothar fyde, that a man myght se, 75  
A large cloth yard and mare :  
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristantè,  
Then that day slain wear thare.

An

*V. 74. ber. MS.**V. 78. ther. MS.*



Many hade no strenght for to stonde,  
In Chyviat the hillys abone.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde  
Went away but fifti and thre ;  
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde, 103  
But even five and fifti :

But all wear slayne Cheviat within :  
The hade no strengthe to stand on he :  
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,  
It was the mor pittè. 110

Thear was slayne withe the lord Perfe  
Sir John of Agerstone,  
Sir Rogar the hinde Hartly,  
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele 115  
A knyght of great renowen,  
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè  
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
That ever he slayne shulde be ; 120  
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
He knyled and fought on hys kne.

Ther

*F.* 102. abou. *MS.* *F.* 108. strenght . . . by. *MS.* *F.* 115.  
184c. *MS.* *F.* 121. in to, *i. e.* in *to*. *F.* 122. Yet he . . .  
kny. *MS.*

# AND BALLADS, 15

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas  
 Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,  
 Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was, 125  
 His fiftars son was he :

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,  
 That never a foot wolde fle ;  
 Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
 With the Douglas dyd he dey. 130

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears  
 Off byrch, and hafell so 'gray' ;  
 Many wedous with wepyng tears,  
 Cam to fack ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care, 135  
 Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,  
 For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear,  
 On the march perti shall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe .  
 To Jamy the Skottishe kyng, 140  
 That dougheti Douglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,  
 He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,  
 He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me !  
 Such

*V. 132. gay. MS. V. 136. mon. MS. V. 138. non. MS.*

16      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Such another captayn Skotland within,      145  
He sayd, y-feth shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone  
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,  
That lord Persê, leyff-tenante of the Merchis,  
He lay flayne Chyviat within.      150

God have merci on his foll, sayd kyng Harry,  
Good lord, yf thy will it be !  
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,  
As good as ever was he :  
But Persê, and I brook my lyffe,      155  
Thy deth well quyte shall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,  
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,  
For the deth of the lord Persê,  
He dyde the battel of Hombyll-down :      160

Wher fyx and thritte Skottish knyghtes  
On a day wear beaten down :  
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat ;      165  
That tear begane this spurn :  
Old

*V.* 146. ye feth. *MS.*    *V.* 149. cheyff tennante. *MS.*

Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,  
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne  
Uppon a monnyn day :

170

Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,  
The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes  
Sen the Doglas, and the Persè met,  
But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronне not,  
As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys bete,  
And to the blys us brynge !  
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat :  
God send us all good endyng !

180

\* \* The stile of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern Dialect.

Most of the sur-names in these two poems, as well as in the modern song of Chevy Chase, will be found either in the lists belonging to the northern counties in Fuller's Worthies, or inscribed to treaties preserved in Nicholson's Laws of the Orders. See also Crawford's Peerage.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Hemeldon, was fought in 14. 1402. (anno 3. Hen. IV.) wherein the English, under the command of the E. of Northumberland, and his son, gained a compleat victory over the Scots.

## II.

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

*The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourne, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excusable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart a French historian, who appears to be unbiased. Froissart's relation is prolix; I shall therefore give it as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.*

*In the twelfth year of Richard II. 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the west-marches, ravaged the country about Carlisle and carried off 300 prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility, that in the beginning of August\*, they invaded Northumberland: and having wasted part of the country of Durham†, advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where*

\* Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time: but the greater part by way of Carlisle.

† And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bam borough-ward (or shire): a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamburgh.

"is a skirmish, they took a 'penon or' colours\* belonging to Hen-  
 "ry lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of North-  
 "umberland. In their retreat home, they attacked the castle  
 "of Otterbourn: and in the evening of Aug. 9. (as the  
 "English writers say, or rather, according to Froissart,  
 "Aug. 15.) after an unsuccessful assault were surprized in  
 "their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at  
 "the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But  
 "James earl of Douglas, rallying his men, there ensued one  
 "of the best-fought actions that happened in that age; both  
 "armies showing the utmost bravery †: the earl Douglas  
 "himself being slain on the spot ‡; the earl of Murrey mor-  
 "tally wounded; and Hotspur ||, with his brother Ralph  
 "Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have  
 "given occasion to the event of the engagement's being dis-  
 "puted; Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch  
 "knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many  
 "of Foix †) affirming that the Scots remained masters of the  
 "field; and the English writers insinuating the contrary.  
 "These last maintain that the English had the better of the  
 "day:

\* This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Lord Percy and E. Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.

† Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that these had the advantage of the ground, and were also fresh from sleep, while the English were greatly fatigued with their previous march.

‡ By Henry L. Percy according to this ballad, and our old English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers; if we may believe Froissart.

|| Henry Lord Percy (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John lord Montgomery, whose eldest son Sir Hugh was slain in the same action with an arrow, according to Crauford's Peerage (and seems also to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p. 13.) but taken prisoner and exchanged for Lord Percy according to this ballad.

‡ Froissart (according to the Eng. Translation) says he had his account from two squires of England, and from a knight and squire of Scotland, soon after the battle.



" day : but night coming on, some of the northern  
 " coming with the bishop of Durham to their assistance,  
 " many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots  
 " the earl of Dunbar at the same time falling on another  
 " upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prisoners, and  
 " ried them off while both parties were fighting. It  
 " least certain, that immediately after this battle, the  
 " engaged in it made the best of their way home : as  
 " same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle.

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he  
 not to be free from partiality ; for prejudice must own  
 Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appear-  
 of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He here  
 does justice to the courage of both parties ; and represents  
 mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age  
 edify by the example. " The Englishmen on the one part  
 " and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre  
 " when they mete there is a hard fighte without spa-  
 " There is no boot betwene them as long as speares, saw  
 " axes, or daggers wyll endure, but lay on. eche upon e  
 " and when they be well bedden, and that the one party  
 " obtayned the victory, they than glorifye so in their de-  
 " armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they  
 " be ransomed or they go out of the felde † ; so that it  
 " ECHE OF THEM IS SO CONTENTE WITH OY  
 " THAT AT THEIR DEPARTYNGE, CURTOYSLY  
 " WILL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU. But in fyg-  
 " one with another there is no playe, nor sparynge."  
*Far's Cronycle* (as translated by Sir Johan Bourchier  
 Berners) Cap. cxlij.

The following ballad is printed from a manuscript c.  
 the Harleian Collection [No. 293. fol. 52.] where it  
 titled, " A songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the bat-

\* So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's ente-  
 ment at Killingworth Castle, 1575. 12°. p. 61. " Heer a  
 bo in dewout drinkyng."

† i. e. They seem to take the advantage, or to keep them-  
 ing in long captivity.

"Otterburne, betwene Lord Henry Percy earle of Northumberlande and the earle Douglas of Scotlande, Anno, 1388." — But this title is erroneous and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times: for, 1. The battle was not fought by the earl of Northumberland, who was absent, nor is once mentioned in the ballad; but by his son LORD (or as he is every where called by Froissart, as well as in this poem, SIR) HENRY PERCY. 2. Altho' the battle was fought in Richard III's time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles, see ver. 130: which he would not have done had it been a very recent event. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier, which perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor, must depend upon their priority; and thus the sagacity of the reader must determine.

Y<sup>T</sup> felt about the Lancer's life,

When his banner was first set,  
The daughter Douglas downed him in the  
In England it was a prize.

The earle of Fife, victorious knight,

He bound him over his life.

The great war was fought in the

That race they were the first.

Ver. 2. When first was the war, the first was the first  
furd's Peccage 1. 97. • the first was the first.

22      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Over Hoppertop hill they came in,  
And so doune by Rodelyffe crage,  
Upon grene Lynton they lighted doune,  
Many a stirande stage:

And boldely brent Northomberlande,  
And haried many a towte ;  
They did our Englishe men great wronge,  
'To battelle that weare not ' bowne.'

Then spake a berne uppon the beat,  
Of comforte that was not coude,  
And said, We have brent Northomberlande,  
We have all welthe in holde.

Now we have carried all Bamboroweshire,  
All the welthe in the worlde have wee ;  
I rede we ride to New Castelle,  
So still and stalworthlye.

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,  
The standards shone fulle brighte ;  
To the New Castelle they tooke the waye,  
And thither they came fulle right.

Sir Henrye Percy laye at the New Castelle,  
I telle you withouten dreede ;

The 'roe' full rekeles ther fle runes,  
 To make the game and glee :  
 The faulkone and the fefante bothe,  
 Amonge the holtes on 'hee'.

Theare maicste thou have thie welthe at will,  
 Well lodged there maiste thou be ;  
 Yt shall not be long, or I com thee till,  
 Sayd Sir Henrye Percy.

Ther shall I byde thee, said the Douglas,  
 By the faithe of my bodye.  
 Ther shall I come, sayes Sir Harye Percy ;  
 My trowthe I plighte to thee.

A pipe of wyne he gave him over the walles,  
 For south, as I you saye :  
 Theare he made the Douglas drinke,  
 And all his hofte that daye.

The Douglas turned him homwarde againe,  
 For southe withouten naye,  
 He tooke his lodginge at Otterburne  
 Uppon a weden/daye :

And theare he pight his standard doune,  
 His getinge more and lesse,

<b>A N D B A L L A D S.</b>	<b>25</b>
And syne he warned his men to goe To choose their geldings graffe.	75
A Scottishe knight hovered ' on the bent,' A watche I dare well saye : So was he ware one the noble Percy In the dawninge of the daye.	80
He pricked to his pavilliane dore, As fast as he might roone, Awakene, Dowglas, cried the knight, For his love, that sits in throne.	
Awakene, Dowglas, cride the knight, For thou maigest wakene with wyne : Yonder have I spiede the proud Perfyne, And sevene standards with him.	85
Naye by my trowthe, the Douglas sayde, It is but a fained call : The durste not looke one my bred bannor, For all England to haylle.	90
Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell, That stands so fayere one 'Tyne ? For all the men the Percy hade, He could not gare me once to dyne.	95
	He

*V. 77. upon the best bent. MS. V. 79. one, i. e. on, for of.*

26      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

He staped out at his pavillian dore,  
 To looke and it were lesse ;  
 Arraye you, lordinges, one and all,  
 For heare begyns no peace.

The earle of Montaye\*, thou art my came,  
 The fowarde I geve to thee :  
 The earle of Hunteley kawte and keene,  
 He shall with thee bee.

The lord of Bowghan † in armor brighte  
 One the other hande he shall be ;  
 Lord Jhonstone, and lord Maxwell,  
 They two shall be with me.

Swintone faire feelde uppon your pride  
 To battelle make you bowen :  
 Sir Davie Scotte, Sir Walter Stewarde,  
 Sir John of Agurstone,

The Percy came before his ofte,  
 Which was ever a gentle knyghte,  
 Uppon the Dowglas lowde can he crie,  
 I wille hould that I have highte :

For thowe haste brente Northomberlande,  
 And done me greate envye ;

\* *The earle of Montecith.* † *The lord Buchan.* V.  
 Percy. MS. V. 116. *I will bold to what I have pro*

# AND BALLADS.

27

For this trespass thou haste me done,

The tone of us shall dye,

120

The Dowglas answered him againe

With greate worde upe on 'hee',

And sayd, I have twenty against thy one,

Beholde and thou mayest see.

With that the Percy was greeved sore,

125

For sothe as I you saye :

Jhesu Christe in hevene on height

Did helpe him well that daye.

But nine thousand thear was no more,

The Chronicles will not leane ;

130

Forty thousand of Scots and fowere

That daye foughte them againe.

Uppon St. Andrewe loud cane they crye,

And Christe they shout on heighte,

And syne 'marcht on' our Englishe men,

135

As I have tould you righte.

St. George the brighte our Ladye's knighte

To name they\* weare full fayne,

Our Englishe mene they cried on height,

And Christe they shoute againe.

140

With

\* F. 132. highe. MS. F. 135. marked then one. MS.  
\* i. e. the English.

28      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

With that sharpe arrowes gane up to fly,  
 I tell you in fertayne,  
 Men of armes begane to joyne;  
 Many a doughty man was slayne.

The Percye and the Douglas mette,  
 That ether of other was faine,  
 The swapped together, while that they swat  
 With swards of ffyne Collayne;

Tyll the bloode from the bassonets ranne,  
 As the rocke doth in the rayne.  
 Yeld thee to me, sayd the Dowglàs,  
 Or else thowe shalte be slayne;

For I see, by thy brighte bassonete,  
 Thou art some mane of mighte,  
 And so I doe by thy burnished brande,  
 Thou arte an earle, or else a knyghte\*.

By my good faithe, said the noble Percye,  
 Now haste thou rede full righte,  
 Yet will I never yeeld me to thee,  
 Whille I maye stonde and fighte.

They swopede together, while that they swo  
 With swards sharpe and longe;

*V. 144. was theare slaine. MS. V. 147. schappe*  
 \* *Being all in armour he could not know him.*



Eiche one other so faste they beste,  
Tyll their helmets came in pieces downe.

The Percy was a mane of strengthe, 165  
I tell you in this stownde,  
He smote the Dowglas at the swords length,  
That he felle to the grounde.

The swoard was sharpe and soare can byte,  
I tell you in certayne ; 170  
To the earle he coulde him smytte,  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonderes stood still one elke fyde  
With many a greevous grone ;  
Ther the foughte the daye, and all the nighte, 175  
And many a doughtie man was ' slone.'

Ther was no freke, that wold flye,  
But styfly in stowre cane stand,  
Eyche hewinge on other whylle they might drye,  
With many a balfull brande. 180

Theare was slayne uppon the Scotess fyde,  
For southe and fertenlye,  
Sir James Dowglas theare was slayne,  
That daye that he could dye.

VOL. III.

C 7

The

*V. 163. i. e. Each on other. V. 176. slayne. MS. V. 179.  
Eyche one hewinge. MS. V. 180. bronde. MS. V. 184. i. e.  
He died that day.*

The earlle of Mentay he was slayne,  
 Grisly groned uppon the grounde;  
 Sir Davie Scotte, Sir Walter Stuard,  
 Sir James of Agurstonne.

Sir Charles Murrey in that place  
 That never a foote wold flye;  
 Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lord he was,  
 With the Dowglas did he dye.

Theare was slayne upon the Scottishe fyde,  
 For fouthe as I you faye,  
 Of four and forty thousand Scotts  
 Went but eighteene awaye.

Theare was slain upon the Englishe fyde,  
 For fouthe and fertenlye,  
 A gentle knight, Sir John Fitz-hughe,  
 Yt was the more pittye,

Sir James Harbotle ther was slayne,  
 For him their harts weare soare,  
 The gentle ' Lovelle ' thear was slayne,  
 That the Percyes standard boare.

Theare was slayne uppon the Englyshe parte,  
 For foothe as I you faye;

*V. 193. Scotts. MS. but see v. 197. V. 203. Covelle. 1  
 For the names in this page and in page 14. see the ADDI  
 &c. at the end of vol. 3.*

# AND BALLADS.

21

Of nine thousand Engliſhe mene  
Fyve hondred came awaye :

The other weare ſlayne in the feeld,  
Chriſte keepe thear fowles from wo, 210  
Seeinge thear was ſo fewe frendes  
Againſt ſo manye foo.

Then one the morowe they made them beeres  
Of byrche, and haſelle graye ;  
Many a wydowe with weepinge teeres 215  
Their maks they ſette away.

This fraye begane at Otterborne  
Betweene the nighte and the daye :  
Theare the Dowglas loſte his lyfe,  
And the Percye was leade away\*. 220

Then was theare a Scottiſhe priſonere tane,  
Sir Hughe Montgomerye was his name,  
For ſooth as I you ſaye  
He borowed the Percye home agayne.

Nowe let us all for the Percye praye 225  
To Jeſue moſte of might,  
To bringe his fowle to the blyſs of heven,  
For he was a gentle knight.

V. 213, one, *i. e. on*, \* *ſc. captive*. V. 225. Percyes. MS.

## III.

## THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— Is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews: crucifying or otherwise murdering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice, which hath been always alledged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the *Prioresse's Tale* in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of HUGH OF LINCOLN, a child said to have been there murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for MERRY-LAND TOWN, it is probably a corruption of MILAN (called by the Dutch MEYLANDT) TOWN; since the PA is evidently the river Po.

Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.

**T**HE rain rins down through Mirry-land toune,  
 Sae dois it doune the Pa:  
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,  
 Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochtèr, 5  
 Said, Will ye cum in and dine?  
 I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,  
 Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white  
 To intice the zong thing in: 10  
 Scho powd an apple white and reid,  
 And that the fweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,  
 And low down by her gair,  
 Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life; 15  
 A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,  
 And out and cam the thin;  
 And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:  
 Thair was nae life left in. 20

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,  
 And dreft him like a fwine,  
 And laughing said, Gae nou and pley  
 With zour fweit play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,  
 Bade him lie still and sleep.  
 Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,  
 Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rang, and mafs was fung,  
 And every lady went hame :  
 Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,  
 Bot lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd his mantil hir about,  
 And fair fair gan she weip :  
 And she ran into the Jewis castel,  
 Quhan they wer all asleip.

My bonny fir Hew, my pretty fir Hew,  
 I pray thee to me speik :  
 ' O lady rinn to the deip draw-well  
 ' Gin ze zour sonne wad seik.'

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,  
 And knelt upon her kne :  
 My bonny fir Hew, an ze be here,  
 I pray thee speik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,  
 The well is wondrous deip,  
 A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,  
 A word I dounae speik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,  
 Fetch me my windling sheet,  
 And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,  
 Its thair we twa sall meet.

50

• • • • •

IV.

SIR CAULINE.

*This old Romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS, but in so defective and mutilated a condition that it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and compleat the story.*

*There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.*

*It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2. v. 106. that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. Any king was said to "hold a round table" when he proclaimed a tournament attended with some peculiar solemnities. See Mr. Warton's Observations, Vol. 2. p. 44.*

*As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old Romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from*

*the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damselfs staunching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands; from the prince down to the meanest of his followers. See L'Introd. à l'Hist. de Dannemar, L. v. p. 199. Memoires de la Chevalerie. Tom. 1. p. 44.*

## THE FIRST PART.

**I**N Ireland, ferr over the sea,  
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;  
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,  
Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,  
In fashyon she hath no peere;  
And princely wightes that ladye wooed  
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,  
But nothing durst he saye;  
Ne descreewe his counfayl to no man,  
But deerlye he lovde this may'.

Till on a daye it so beffell,  
Great dill to him was dight;  
The maydens love removde his mynd,  
To care-bed went the knighte.

One



# AND BALLADS.

37

One while he spred his armes him fro,  
 One while he spred them nye :  
 And aye ! but I winne that ladyes love,  
 For dole now I mun dye.

20

And whan our parish-masse was done,  
 Our kinge was bowne to dyne :  
 He fayer, Where is syr Cauline,  
 That is wont to serve the wyne ?

Then aunfwerde him a courteous knyghte,  
 And fast his handes gan wringe :  
 Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye  
 Without a good leechinge.

25

Fetch me downe my daughter deere,  
 She is a leecher fulle fine :  
 Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,  
 And serve him with the wyne soe red ;  
 Lothe I were him to tene.

30

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,  
 Her maydens followyng nye :  
 O well, she sayth, how doth my lord ?  
 O sicke, thou fayr ladye.

35

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,  
 Never lye soe cowardlee ;

For it is told in my fathers halle,  
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love  
That all this dill I drye:  
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,  
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,  
No lenger wold I lye.

Syr knyghte, my father is a kinge,  
I am his onlye heire;  
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knyghte,  
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,  
And I am not thy peere,  
But let me doe some deedes of armes  
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,  
My bacheleere to bee,  
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,  
Giff harm shold happe to thee.)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorn  
Upon the mores brodinge;  
And dare ye, syr knyghte, wake there all  
Untill the fayre morninge.

# AND BALLADS.

39

**For** the Eldridge knight, so mickle of might,

**Will** examine you beforne :

**And** never man bare life awaye,

65

**But** he did him scath and scorne.

**That** knight he is a foul paynim,

**And** large of limbe and bone ;

**And** but if heaven may be thy speede

**Thy** life it is but gone.

70

**Nowe** on the Eldridge hills Ile walke,

**For** thy sake, faire ladle :

**And** Ile either bring you a ready token,

**Or** Ile never more you see.

**The** ladye is gone to her owne chaumbere,

75

**Her** maydens following bright :

**Syr** Cauline lope from care-bed soone,

**And** to the Eldridge hills is gone,

**For** to wake there all night.

**Unto** midnight, that the moone did rise,

80

**He** walked up and downe ;

**Then** a lightsome bugle heard he blowe

**Over** the bents soe browne :

**Quoth** hee, If cryance come till my heart,

**My** life it is but gone.

85

D 4

And

## S E N T S O N G S

I was on the mores so broad,  
 I was and fell;  
 I was the dryde led,  
 I was kyrtell:

I was called on fyr Canline,  
 I was thee flye,  
 I was cryance come till thy heart,  
 I was thou mun dye.

No' cryance comes till my heart,  
 I was with, I wyll not flee;  
 I was thou minged not Christ before,  
 I was the dreadeth thee.

I was knichte, he pricked his steed;  
 I was bold abode:  
 I was thooke his trustye speare,  
 I was under these two children \* bare  
 I was in funder ' yode.'

I was they out theyr two good swordes  
 I was on full faffe,  
 I was and hawberke, mail and sheelde,  
 I was were well-nye braft.

I was knight was mickle of might,  
 I was in flower did stande,

\* See Vol. 1. pag. 58. V. 102. stode.

# AND BALLADS.

**B**ut fyr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke,  
 He smote off his right-hand ; 110  
**T**hat soone he with paine and lacke of bloud  
 Fell downe on that lay-land.

**T**hen up fyr Cauline lift his brande-  
 All over his head so hye :  
**A**nd here I sweare by the holy roode, 115  
 Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

**T**hen up and came that ladye brighte,  
 Faste wringing of her hande :  
 For the maydens love, that most you love,  
 Withold that deadlye brande. 120

**F**or the maydens love, that most you love,  
 Now smyte no more I praye ;  
 And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,  
 He shall thy bests obaye.

**N**ow sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knyghte, 125  
 And here on this lay-land,  
 That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,  
 And therto plight thy hand :

**A**nd that thou never on Eldridge come  
 To sporte, gamon, or playe : 130  
 And that thou here give up thy armes  
 Until thy dying daye.

**T**he

## SONG !

~~He~~ gave up his armes  
~~For~~ the fighe ;  
~~For~~ Cauline's heft,  
~~He~~ be thold dye.

~~He~~ the Eldridge knight  
~~He~~ anone,  
~~He~~ knichte and his ladye  
~~He~~ are they gone.

~~He~~ up the bloody hand,  
~~He~~ large of bone,  
~~He~~ rounde five ringes of gold  
~~He~~ that had be flone.

~~He~~ up the Eldridge fworde,  
~~He~~ any flint :  
~~He~~ off those ringes five,  
~~He~~ as fyre and brent.

~~He~~ pricked fyr Cauline  
~~He~~ leafe on tree :  
~~He~~ other flint ne blanne,  
~~He~~ ladye see.

~~He~~ be knelt upon his knee  
~~He~~ lady gay :  
~~He~~ bin on the Eldridge hills  
~~He~~ I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, fyr Cauline,  
 Thrice welcome unto mee,  
 For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,  
 Of valour bolde and free. 160

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,  
 Thy hefts for to obaye :  
 And mought I hope to winne thy love !—  
 Ne more his tonge colde faye.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde, 165  
 And fette a gentill fighe :  
 Alas ! fyr knight how may this bee,  
 For my degree's foe highe ?

But fith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,  
 To be my batchilere, 170  
 Ile promise if thee I may not wedde  
 I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand  
 Towards that knighte so free :  
 He gave to it one gentill kisse, 175  
 His heart was brought from bale to blisse,  
 The teares ferte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, fyr Cauline,  
 Ne let no man it knowe ;  
 For

## 44      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

For and ever my father sholde it ken,  
I wot he wolde us floe.

180

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre  
Lovde fyr Cauline the knyghte :  
From that daye forthe he only joyde  
Whan shee was in his fight.

185

Yea and oftentimes they mette  
Within a fayre arboure,  
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce  
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

### P A R T   T H E   S E C O N D .

**E** V E R Y E white will have its blacke,  
And everye sweete its fowre :  
This founde the ladye Chriftabelle  
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as fyr Cauline  
Was with that ladye faire,  
The kinge her father walked forthe  
To take the evenyng aire :

5

And



# AND BALLADS.

45

And into the arbour as he went  
 To rest his wearye feet,  
 He found his daughter and fyr Cauline  
 There sette in daliaunce sweet.

10

The kinge hee fterted forthe, I-wys,  
 And an angrye man was hee :  
 Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,  
 And rewe shall thy ladie.

15

Then forthe fyr Cauline he was ledde,  
 And throwne in dungeon deepe :  
 And the ladye into a towre so hye,  
 There left to wayle and weepe.

20

The queene she was fyr Caulines friend,  
 And to the kinge sayd shee :  
 I praye you save fyr Caulines life,  
 And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shal be sent  
 Acrofs the salt sea some :  
 But here I will make thee a band,  
 If ever he come within this land,  
 A foule deathe is his doome.

25

All wee-begone was that gentil knight  
 To parte from his ladye ;

30

And

## 46      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And many a time he fighed fore,  
 And cast a wistfulle eye :  
 Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,  
 Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,  
 Was had forthe of the towre ;  
 But ever shee droopeth in her minde,  
 As nipt by an ungentle winde  
 Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe  
 To tint her lover foe :  
 Syr Cauline, thou little think'ft on mee,  
 But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,  
 And lords of high degree,  
 Did sue to that fayre ladye of love ;  
 But never shee wolde them see.

When manye a day was past and gone,  
 Ne comforte she colde finde,  
 The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,  
 The cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came knights,  
 Fro manye a farre countrye,

# AND BALLADS.

47

**B**reak a spere for theyr ladyes love  
Before that faire ladye.

55

**A**nd many a ladye there was sette  
In purple and in palle :  
**B**ut faire Christabelle foe woe-begone  
Was the fayrest of them all.

60

**T**hen manye a knyghte was mickle of might  
Before his ladye gaye ;  
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,  
He wan the prize eche daye.

His astor it was all of blacke,  
His hewberke, and his shoelde,  
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,  
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,  
Whan they came out the feelde.

65

And now three days were prestlye past  
In feates of chivalrye,  
When lo upon the fourth morninge  
A sorrowfulle fight they sec.

70

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,  
All soule of limbe and lere ;  
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,  
A mouthe from eare to eare.

75

Before

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,  
 That waited on his knee,  
 And at his backe five heads he bare,  
 All wan and pale of blee.

80

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,  
 Behold that hend Soldäin !  
 Behold these heads I beare with me !  
 They are kings which he hath slain.

85

The Eldridge knight is his owne cousine,  
 Whom a knight of thine hath shent :  
 And hee is come to avenge his wrong,  
 And to thee, all thy knightes among,  
 Defiance here hath sent.

90

But yette he will appease his wrath  
 Thy daughters love to winne :  
 And but thou yeelede him that fayre mayd,  
 Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, fyr king, must goe with mee ;  
 Or else thy daughter deere ;  
 Or else within these lifts foe broad  
 Thou must finde him a peere.

95

The king he turned him round aboute,  
 And in his heart was woe :

100

Is

# A N D B A L L A D S.

75

Is there never a knyghte of my round tablè,  
This matter will undergoe ?

Is there never a knyghte amongst yee all  
Will fight for my daughter and mee ?  
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,  
Right fair his meede shall bee.

109

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,  
And of my crowne be heyre ;  
And he shall winne faire Christabelle  
To be his wedded fere.

110

But every knyghte of his round tablè  
Did stand both still and pale ;  
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldàn,  
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,  
When she sawe no helpe was nye :  
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,  
And the teares gusht from her eye.

115

Up then sterte the stranger knyghte,  
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd :  
He fight for thee with this grimme soldàn,  
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

120

VOL. III.

R.

And

And if thou wilt lead me the Eldridge fwe  
 That lycth within thy bowre,  
 I truſte in Chriſte for to ſlay this fiende  
 Thoughe he be ſtiff in ſtowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge ſworde,  
 The kinge he cryde, with ſpeede :  
 Nowe heaven aſſiſt thee, courteous knight  
 My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he ſtepped into the liſts,  
 And ſayd, Awaye, awaye :  
 I ſweare, as I am the hend foldan,  
 Thou leſteſt me here all daye.

Then forthe the ſtranger knight he came  
 In his blacke armour dight :  
 The ladye fighed a gentle fighe,  
 “ That this were my true knight ! ”

And nowe the gyaunt and knyghte be mett  
 Within the liſts ſoe broad ;  
 And now with ſwordes ſoe ſharpe of ſteele,  
 They gan to lay on load.

The foldan ſtrucke the knyghte a ſtroke,  
 That made him reele aſyde ;  
 Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,  
 And thrice ſhe deeply fighde.

The foldan strucke a second stroke,  
 That made the bloude to flowe :  
 All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,  
 And thrice she wept for woe. 150

The foldan strucke a third fell stroke,  
 Which brought the knyghte on his knee :  
 Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,  
 And she shriekt loud shreikings three.

The knyghte he leapt upon his feete, 155  
 All recklesse of the pain :  
 Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,  
 Or else I shall be flaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,  
 And spying a secrette part, 160  
 He drave it into the foldan's syde,  
 And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,  
 Whan they sawe the foldan falle :  
 The ladye wept, and thanked Christ, 165  
 That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons  
 Rose uppe from offe his seate,  
 And downe he stepped into the lisses  
 That courteous knyghte to greete. 170

54      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid ;  
                     And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid ;  
                     Edward, Edward.

10

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid ;  
                     My deir son I tell thee, O.  
 O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
                     Mither, mither :  
 O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
                     That erst was fae fair and frie, O.

15

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
                     Edward, Edward :

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
                     Sum ither dule ze drie, O.

20

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
                     Mither, mither :  
 O, I hae killed my fadir deir  
                     Alas ! and wae is mee, O !

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that ?  
                     Edward, Edward.

25

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that ?  
                     My deir son, now tell me, O.

He sit my feat in zonder boat,  
                     Mither, mither :

30  
 116



He fet my feit in zonder boat,  
And He fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',  
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha', 35  
That were fæ fair to fee, O?

He let thame stand tul they doun fa',  
Mither, mither:

He let thame stand tul they doun fa',  
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O. 40

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,  
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,  
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?

The warldis room, late them beg thrae life, 45  
Mither, mither:

The warldis room, let them beg thrae life,  
For thame nevir mair wul I fee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,  
Edward, Edward: 50

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,  
My deir son, now tell mee, O.

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,  
Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,  
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

## VI.

## K I N G E S T M E R E.

*This old Romantic Legend, (which is preserved in Editor's folio MS) bears marks of great antiquity, perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: an empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1100. The Mahometans are spoken of in v. 49, &c. just in the same terms as in all other old romances. The author of the ancient Legend of SIR BEVIS, represents his hero upon a casques, breathing out defiance against*

“ Mahound and Termagaunte †;”

*And so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the follo-  
polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who  
fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights  
write him to her bower,*

“ I wyll not ones stirre off this grōunde,  
“ To speake with an heathen bounde.  
“ Unchristen boundes, I rede you fle,  
“ Or I your harte bloud shall se †.”

*Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elf-  
“ A christen bounde\*.”*

† See at the end of this ballad, Note †††

† Sign. C. ij. b.

\* Sign. C. j. b.

was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard for actions in which he has placed some of his royal personages: but a youthful monarch should take a journey into another nation to visit his mistress incog. was a piece of gallantry peculiar in our own Charles I. but that king Adland should be strolling or leaning at his gate (v. 35.) may be thought to be a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians rearing himself at the entrance of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched the shore as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of tin to dispose in traffic &c. So little ought we to judge of our own manners by our own.

re I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see in this ballad, the character of the old bards, (those successors of the bards) raised much higher than has yet observed it: here he will see one of them reclining mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of the minstrel. Here he will see him mixing in the company of the great without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antient respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and song among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our sagacious Alfred made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and no difficulty to gain admittance to the king's tent. Our poet has suggested the same expedient in the conclusion of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the

† Odys. æ. 105.

‡ See vol. 2. p. 163.

even so late as the time of Freestart, we find minstrels and musicians mentioned together, as those who might securely go into any country. Cap. cxi.

## 58      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

*the great reverence paid to that order of men. Haro-  
fax, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to sit  
at his table above all the officers of his court: and  
another Norwegian king placing five of them by his  
day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the  
exploits they were to celebrate †. — As to Estmere's  
ride the ball while the kings were at table, this was  
usual ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see  
a relic custom still kept up, in the champion's riding  
into Wej hall during the coronation dinner.*

**H**Earken to me, gentlemen,  
Come and you shall heare;  
He tell you of two of the boldest brethren,  
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,  
The tother was kyng Estmere;  
The were as bolde men in their deedes,  
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine  
Within kyng Estmeres halle:  
Whan will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,  
A wyfe to gladd us all?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,  
And answered him hastily:

I

† Mallet, *Introd. à l'Hist. de Dannemarc*, p. 240. *Es-  
Antiq. Dan.* p. 173.

## AND BALLADS.

59

I knowe not that ladye in any lande,  
That is able \* to marry with mee.

15

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,  
Men call her bright and sheene ;  
If I were kyng here in your Reade,  
That ladye sholde be queene.

20

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,  
Throughout merrye Englànd,  
Where we might find a messenger  
Betweene us two to sende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,  
He beare you companee ;  
Many throughe fals messengers are deceivde,  
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

25

Thus the renisht them to ryde  
Of twoe good renisht steedes.  
And when they came to kyng Adlands halie,  
Of red golde shone their weedes.

30

And whan the came to kyng Adlands halle  
Before the goodlye yate,  
Ther they found good kyng Adlând  
Rearing himselfe theratt.

35

Nowe

\* He means, fit, suitable.

60      A N C I E N T   S O N G

Nowe Christ thee save, good kyng Adlàn  
 Nowe Christ thee save and see.  
 Sayd, you be welcome, kyng Estmere,  
 Right hartilye unto mee.

You have a daughter, sayd Adler yonge,  
 Men call her bright and sheene,  
 My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,  
 Of Englande to bee queene.

Yesterdaye was at my deare daughtèr  
 Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;  
 And then shee nicked him of naye,  
 I feare sheele do youe the fame.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,  
 And 'leeveth on Mahound;  
 And pitye it were that fayre ladyè  
 Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to mè, sayes kyng Estmere,  
 For my love I you praye,  
 That I may see your daughter deare  
 Before I goe hence awaye.

5.

Although it is seven yeare and more  
 Syth my daughter was in halle,  
 Shee shall come downe once for your sake  
 To glad my guestès all.

60  
 Downe

# AND BALLADS.

64

Downe then came that mayden fayre,  
 With ladyes lacede in pall,  
 And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,  
 To bring her from bowre to hall ;  
 And eke as manye gentle squieres,  
 To waite upon them all.

65

The talents of golde, were on her head sette,  
 Hunge lowe downe to her knee ;  
 And everye rynge on her smalle fingèr,  
 Shone of the chryftall free,

70

Sayes, Christ you save, my deare madàme ;  
 Sayes, Christ you save and see.  
 Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,  
 Right welcome unto mee.

And iff you love me, as you saye,  
 So well and hartilèe,  
 All that ever you are comen about  
 Soone sped now itt may bes.

73

Then bespake her father deare :  
 My daughter, I saye naye ;  
 Remember well the kyng of Spayne,  
 What he sayd yesterdaye.

89

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,  
 And reave me of my lyfe ;

And

And ever I feare that paynim kyng,  
Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,  
Are stronglye built about; ;  
And therefore of that foule paynim  
Wee neede not stande in doubte.

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Eftmèr  
By heaven and your righte hand,  
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,  
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Eftmere he plyght his troth  
By heaven and his righte hand,  
That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,  
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,  
To goe to his owne countree,  
To fetch him dukes and lordes and knigh  
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,  
A myle forthe of the towne,  
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With kempes many a one.



But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
 With manye a grimme baròne,  
 Tòne day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter  
 Tòther daye to carrye her home.

110

Then thee sent after kyng Eftmère  
 In all the spede might bee,  
 That he must either returne and fighte,  
 Or goe home and lose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,  
 Another whyle he ranne;  
 Till he had oretaken kyng Eftmere  
 I-wis, he never blanne.

115

Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Eftmere!  
 What tydinges nowe, my boye?  
 O tydinges I can tell to you,  
 That will you fore annoye.

120

You had not ridden scant a myle,  
 A myle out of the towne,  
 But in did come the kyng of Spayne  
 With kempès many a one:

125

But in did come the kyng of Spayne  
 With manye a grimme baròne,  
 Tòne daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,  
 Tòther daye to carrye her home.

130  
 That

That ladye fayre she greetes you well,  
 And ever-more well by mee :  
 You must either turne againe and fighte,  
 Or goe home and lose your ladye.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,  
 My reade shall ryde † at thee,  
 Whiche waye we best may turne and fighte,  
 To save this fayre ladye.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,  
 And your reade must rise † at me,  
 I quicklye will devise a waye  
 To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,  
 And learned in gramarye \*;  
 And when I learned at the schole,  
 Something shee taught itt mee.

There groweth an hearbe within this felde,  
 And iff it were but knowne,  
 His color, which is whyte and redd,  
 Itt will make blacke and browne :

His color, which is browne and blacke,  
 Itt will make redd and whyte ;

7

† † *fcc.* \* See at the end of this ballad, Note \*.\*.\*.

That sworde is not in all Englande,  
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother, 155  
Out of the north countrè ;  
And Ile be your boye, so faine of fighte,  
To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shall be the best harper,  
That ever tooke harpe in hand ; 160  
And I will be the best finger,  
That ever fung in this land.

Itt shal be written in our forheads  
All and in gramaryè,  
That we towe are the boldest men, 165  
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,  
On towe good renish steedes ;  
And whan they came to king Adlands hall,  
Of redd gold shone their weedes. 170

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall  
Untill the fayre hall yate,  
There they found a proud portèr  
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Sayes, Chrift thee save, thou proud portèr:  
Sayes, Chrift thee save and see.  
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,  
Of what land soever ye bee.

We been harpers, sayd Adler yonge,  
Come out of the northe countrèe;  
We beene come hither untill this place,  
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,  
As it is blacke and browne,  
Ild saye king Eftmere and his brother  
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,  
Layd itt on the porters arme:  
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,  
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Eftmère,  
And sore he handled the ryng,  
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,  
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Eftmere he light off his steede  
Up att the fayre hall board;  
The frothe, that came from his brydle bitte,  
Light on kyng Bremors beard.

Say

# AND BALLADS.

67

Sayes, Stable thou steede, thou proud harpèr,  
 • Goe stable him in the stalle; 200  
 Itt doth not beseeme a proud harpèr  
 To stable him in a kyngs halle.

My ladd he is so lithèr, he sayd,  
 He will do nought that's mee'te ;  
 And aye that I cold but find the man, 205  
 Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud wordes, sayd the Paynim kyng,  
 Thou harper here to mee ;  
 There is a man within this halle,  
 That will beate thy lad and thee. 210

O lett that man come downe, he sayd,  
 A fight of him wolde I see ;  
 And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,  
 Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man, 215  
 And looked him in the eare ;  
 For all the golde, that was under heaven,  
 He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, sayd the kyng of Spayne,  
 And how what aileth thee ? 220  
 He sayes, Itt is written in his forehead  
 All and in gramaryè,

F 2

That

That for all the gold that is under heaven,  
I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Eftmere then pulled forth his harpe,  
And playd theron so sweete :  
Upfarte the ladye from the kynge,  
As hee fate at the meate.

Nowe stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,  
Now stay thy harpe, I say ;  
For an thou playest as thou beginnest,  
Thou'lt till my bride awaye.

He strucke upon his harpe agayne,  
And playd both fayre and free ;  
The ladye was so pleasde theratt,  
She laught loud laughers three.

23

Nowe sell me thy harpe, sayd the kyng of Spayne,  
Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,  
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,  
As there be stryngs thereon.

24

And what wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,  
Iff I did sell it yee ?  
To playe my wiffe and me a fitt,  
When abed together we bee.

No

# AND BALLADS.

69

**Now** sell me, fyr kyng, thy bryde foe gay, 245

As shee fitts laced in pall,

**And** as many gold nobles I will give,

As there be rings in the hall.

**And** what wold ye doe with my bryde so gay,

Iff I did sell her yee?

250

**More** seemelye it is for her fayre bodye

To lye by mee than thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,

And Adler he did fyng,

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;

255

"Noe harper but a kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,

"As playnlye thou mayest see;

"And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,

"Who partes thy love and thee."

260

The ladye louked, the ladye blushte,

And blushte and lookt agayne,

While Adler he hath drawne his brande,

And hath fir Bremor slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,

265

And loud they gan to crye:

Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,

And therefore yee shall dye.

F 3

Kyng

70      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,  
 And swith he drew his brand ;      17  
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge  
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes foe fore can byte,  
 Throughe help of gramaryè,  
 That foone they have slayne the kemperry men, 21  
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,  
 And marrycd her to his wyfe,  
 And brought her home to merrye Englànd  
 With her to leade his lyfe.      2

\* \* *The word GRAMARYE occurs several times in foregoing poem, and every where seems to signify Magic some kind of supernatural science. I know not whence to rive it, unless it be from the word GRAMMAR: in the dark and ignorant ages when it was thought a high degree learning to be able to read and write; he who had made little farther progress in literature might well pass for a jurer or magician.*

††† TERMAGAUNT (p. 56.) is the name given in the Romances to the God of the Saracens. Thus in the Legend of SYR GUY the Soudan (Sultan) swears,

“ So helpe me Mahowne of might,  
 “ And Termagaunt my God so bright.”

Sign, P. iij. b.

*This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Jun from the Anglo-Saxon Týn Very, and Māzan Mighty. After the times of the Crusades, both MAHOUND and TERMAGAUNT made their constant appearance in the Page*



*In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence but his  
subsidiaries the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish  
admiral was flourishing in the time of our Edward IV. but who  
was but meeting in romance with this of the ballad. Sir  
Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable  
that like the Trojan Hercules, he hath engrossed the names  
of other heroes.*

**T**HE king sits in Dunferling toome,  
Drinking the blude-red wine :  
O quhar will I get guid sailòr,  
To sail this schip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the kings richt kne :  
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailòr,  
That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid lettèr,  
And signd it wi' his hand ;  
And sent it to sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
A loud lauch lauched he :  
'The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
'The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,  
This ill deid don to me ;  
To send me out this time o'the zeir,  
To sail upon the se ?

# AND BALLADS.

73

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
Our guid schip sails the morne.  
O say na sae, my master deir,  
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone  
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;  
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
That we will cum to harme.

25

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith  
To weet their cork-heild shoone;  
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,  
Thair hats they swam aboone.

30

O lang, lang, may thair ladies fit  
Wi' thair fans into their hand,  
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence  
Cum sailing to the land.

35

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand  
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,  
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,  
For they'll se thame na mair.

40

Have owre, have ower to Aberdour,  
It's fiftie fadom deip:  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

VIII.

## OLD ENGLISH SONG

### VIII.

#### ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

There is here a ballad of Robin Hood (MS.) which was never before printed, and of much greater antiquity than any of the others on this subject.

Many of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were made by the Norman kings, and the great temerity of such as lived near the royal forests, and the many of this kingdom were ever armed with long-bows, and excelled all other in archery, must constantly have occasioned great losses, and especially of such as were naturally bred to the woods for their game, and the troops, endeavored by their vigilance to escape from the dreadful penalties of the law, and the punishment for killing the king's deer: a punishment far more severe than will easily account for the troops of robbers that were lurking in the royal forests, and from their great power and knowledge of all the recesses of the forest, found it no difficult matter to take their prey.

Of these, none ever was more famous than Guy of Gisborne, of whose story, as collected

from the old ballads [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] we have many robbers, and outlaws, &c.

which Robert Hood, and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, dispoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence.

"The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they never so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he got from abbeyes and the houses of rich carles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all thieves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe." *Annals*, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people: who not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which a late antiquary retends was formerly legible on his tombstone near the nunnery Kirk-les in Yorkshire, where he is said to have been bled death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy.

Heare undernead his lair! stean  
laiz robert earl of Huntingtun  
nea arcir ver a3 his sae geud  
an pip! kauld im robin heud  
sick utlaw3 as hi an iz men  
vil England niver si agen.  
obiit 24 kal. dekembris, 1247.

See Thoresby's *Ducat. Leod.* p. 576. *Biog. Brit.* VI. 3933.

It

It must be confessed this epitaph is suspicious, because, in the poems on Robin Hood, there is no mention of his magnanimous earldom. He is expressly asserted to be a knight in a very old legend in verse preserved in the public library at Cambridge† in three or four parts, printed in black letter quarto, 1562. &c. &c. Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn Hood knyght and of the proud & herpse of Nottingham &c. &c. &c.

“ Lytbe and lytten, gentylmen,  
 “ That be of fre bore blode :  
 “ I shall you tell of a good YEMAN,  
 “ His name was Robin hode.

“ Robyn was a proude out lawe,  
 “ Whiles he walked on grounde ;  
 “ So curteyse an outlarwe as he was one,  
 “ Was never none yfounde.” &c.

The printer's colophon is “ & Explicit Kinge Robyn hode and lytell Johan. Entrented at London in Fyeteestre at the sygne of the foue by Wynkyn de Worlde in Mr. Garrick's Collection † is a different edition of the poem “ & Imprinted at London upon the thirde of Maye by Wylliam Copland,” containing a little more on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, &c. &c. the former copy called “ A newe play for to be played in Maye games very plesaunte and full of pastyme. &c.

† See also the following ballad, v. 147. † Num.  
 v. 419. K. vol. 10.

WHAN shales beene shene, and shradde full fayre,  
 And leaves both large and longe,  
 's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest  
 To heare the small birdes songe.

he woodweete sang, and wold not cease, 5  
 Sitting upon the spraye,  
 e lowde he wakend Robin Hood,  
 In the greenwood where he lay.

ow by faye, said jollye Robin, 10  
 A sweaven I had this night ;  
 dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,  
 That fast with me can fight.

ethought they did me beate and binde, 15  
 And tooke my bowe me froe ;  
 I be Robin alive in this lande,  
 Ile be wroken on them towe.

reavens are swift, sayd lyttle John, 20  
 As the wind blowes over the hill ;  
 or iff itt be never so loude this night,  
 To morrow it may be still.

uske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,  
 And John shall goe with mee,  
 or Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomen,  
 In greenwood where they bee.

Then

## • ANCIENT SONGS

And they went on theyr gownes of grene,  
And theyr bowes ech one ;  
And they went to the greene forrest  
Wher theyr bowys forth are gone ;

And they came to the merry greenwood,  
Wher they had gladdest to bee,  
And they were ware of a wight yeoman,  
That leaned agaynst a tree.

And he had a dagger he wore by his fide,  
That manye a man the bane,  
And he was clad in his capull hyde  
With topp and tayll and mayne.

And still, maister, quoth litle John,  
Under this tree so grene,  
And I will go to yond wight yeoman  
To know what he doth meane.

And John, by me thou setteest noe store,  
And that I farley finde :  
Now often send I my men before,  
And tarry my selfe behinde ?

And so curning a knave to ken,  
And a man but heare him speake ;  
And it were not for burfling of my bowe,  
And I thy head wold breake.

# AND BALLADS.

79

As often wordes they breedon bale,  
 So they parted Robin and John ;  
 And John is gone to Barnefdale :  
 The gates † he knoweth eche one.

50

But when he came to Barnefdale,  
 Great heavineffe there hee hadd,  
 For he found tow of his owne fellows  
 Were flaine both in a flade.

55

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote  
 Fast over stocke and stone,  
 For the proud sheriffe with seven score men  
 Fast after him is gone.

60

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,  
 With Christ his might and mayne ;  
 He make yond sheriffe that wends foe fast,  
 To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,  
 And fetteled him to shoote :  
 The bow was made of tender boughe,  
 And fell downe at his foote.

65

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,  
 That ever thou grew on a tree ;  
 For now this day thou art my bale,  
 My boote when thou shold bee.

70

His

† i. e. *passes, paths, ridings.*



His shoote it was but loosely shott,  
 Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,  
 For itt mett one of the sherriffes men,  
 And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent  
 To have bene abed with forrowe,  
 Than to be that day in the green wood flade  
 To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett  
 Fyve can doe more than three,  
 The sheriffe hath taken little John,  
 And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,  
 And hanged hye on a hill.  
 But thou mayst sayle of thy purpose, quoth John,  
 If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of little John,  
 And thinke of Robin Hood,  
 How he is gone to the wight yeoman,  
 Where under the leaves he flood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,  
 " Good morrowe, good fellowe quo' hee :"  
 Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande  
 A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,  
 And of my morning tyde.  
 Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin ;  
 Good fellow, Ile be thy guide. 100

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,  
 Men call him Robin Hood ;  
 Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe  
 Than fortye pound foe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman, 105  
 And Robin thou soone shalt see :  
 But first let us some pastime find  
 Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make  
 Among the woods so even, 110  
 We may chance to meete with Robin Hood  
 Here at some unfett steven.

They cutt them down two summer shroggs,  
 That grew both under a breere,  
 And sett them threescore rood in twaine 115  
 To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Leade on, I do bidd thee.  
 Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,  
 My leader thou shalt bee. 120

82      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,      H  
 He mist but an inch it fro :  
 The yeoman he was an archer good,      T  
 But he cold never do foe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,      125  
 He shot within the garlând :  
 But Robin he shott far better than hee,  
 For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd ;  
 Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode ;      130  
 For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,  
 Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,  
 Under the leaves of lyne.  
 Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,      135  
 Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,  
 And Robin to take I me sworne,  
 And when I am called by my right name  
 I am Guy of good Gisborne.      141

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,  
 By thee I set right nought :  
 I am Robin Hood of Barnêdale,  
 Whom thou so long hast fought.      H4

# AND BALLADS. 83

He that had neyther beene kithe nor kin, 145  
 Might have seen a full fayre sight,  
 To see how together these yeomen went  
 With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought  
 Two howres of a summers day : 150  
 Yett neither Robin Hood nor fir Guy  
 Them settled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,  
 And stumbled at that tyde ;  
 And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all, 155  
 And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah deere Ladye, sayd Robin Hooode tho,  
 That art but mother and may',  
 I think it was never mans destinye  
 To dye before his day. 160

Robin thought on our ladye deere,  
 And soone leapt up againe,  
 And strait he came with a ' backward' stroke,  
 And he fir Guy hath slayne.

He tooke fir Guys head by the hayre, 165  
 And stucke it upon his bowes end :  
 Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,  
 Which thing must have an end.

G 2

Robin

*Ver. 163. awkward. MS.*

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,  
 And nicked fir Guy in the face,  
 That he was never on woman born,  
 Cold know whose head it was.

176

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now fir Guye,  
 And with me be not wrothe;  
 If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand, 175  
 Thou shalt have the better clothie.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,  
 And on Sir Guy did throwe,  
 And hee put on that capull hyde,  
 That cladd him topp to toe.

180

Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and litle horne,  
 Now with me I will beare;  
 For I will away to Barnèfdale,  
 To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth, 185  
 And a loud blast in it did blow.  
 That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,  
 As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,  
 I heare nowe tydings good, 185  
 For yonder I heare fir Guyes horne blow,  
 And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yorke

Yonder I heare fir Guyes horne blowe,  
 Itt blowes soe well in tyde,  
 And yonder comes that wightye yeoman, 195  
 Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good fir Guy,  
 Aske what thou wilt of mee.  
 O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,  
 Nor I will none of thy fee : 200

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,  
 Let me goe strike the knave,  
 For this is all the meede I aske,  
 None other rewarde I'le have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe, 205  
 Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee :  
 But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,  
 Well granted it shal bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,  
 Well knewe he it was his steven : 210  
 Now shall I be loofet, quoth Little John,  
 With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,  
 He thought to loofe him blive ;  
 The sheriffe and all his companye 215  
 Fast after him can drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin ;  
 Why draw you mee so neere ?  
 Itt was never the use in our countrye,  
 Oaes shrift another shold heere,

227

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,  
 And losed John hand and foote,  
 And gave him fir Guyes bowe into his hand,  
 And bade it be his boote.

Then John he tooke Guyes bowe in his hand, 23;  
 His boltes and arrowes eche one :  
 When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,  
 He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,  
 He fled full fast away ;  
 And soe did all the companye ;  
 Not one behind wold stay.

230

But he cold neither runne soe fast,  
 Nor away soe fast cold ryde,  
 But Little John with an arrowe soe broad,\* 235  
 He shott him into the ' backe'-syde.

\* \* The Title of SIR was not formerly peculiar to Knights,  
 it was given to Priests, and sometimes to very inferior per-  
 sonages.

## IX.

## THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

*The Reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of STEPHEN HAWES, a celebrated poet in the reign of Hen. VI. tho' now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505.) intitled; "The Hist. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the Palace of Pleasure, &c." 4to. 1555. See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v. 1. p. 6. and Warton's Observ. v. 2. p. 105. The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. "How Fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with Governauce and Grace, and how he went to the Tower of Doctrine."—As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the Reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.*

I Loked about and sawe a craggy roche,  
 Farre in the west neare to the element,  
 And as I dyd then unto it approche,  
 Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent  
 The royall tower of MORALL DOCUMENT, 5  
 Made of fine copper with turrets faire and hye,  
 Which against Phebus shone so marveyulously,  
 That for the very perfect brightenes  
 What of the tower, and of the cleare funne,  
 I could nothyng behold the goodlines 10  
 Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne:  
 Till at the last, with mystie wyndes donne,  
 The radiant brightnes of golden Phebus  
 After gan cover with clowde tenebrous.

Vol. III.

G 4

Then



Then to the tower I drew nere and nere,      15  
 And often mused of the great hyghnes  
 Of the craggy roche, which quadrant did appere:  
 But the fayre tower, (so much of ryches  
 Was all about,) sexangled doubtelefs;  
 Gargeyld with grayhounds, and with many lyons, 20  
 Made of fyne golde, with divers sundry dragons.

The little turrett with ymages of golde  
 About was fet, which with the wynde aye moved  
 With proper vices, that I did well behblde  
 About the towre: in sundry wyse they hoved 25  
 With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,  
 That with the winde they pyped a daunce  
 Iclipped *Amour de la hault plessaunce*.

The toure was great of marveylous wydnes,  
 To which ther was no way to passe but one, 30  
 Into the toure for to have an intres:  
 A grace ther was ychyfeled all of stone  
 Out of the rocke, on whyche men did gone  
 Up to the toure, and in lykewyse did I  
 Wyth both the Grayhoundes in my company †: 35

Till that I came unto a ryall gate,  
 Wher I sawe stondynge the goodly Portres,  
 Whych exed me from whence I came alate;  
 To whom I gan in every thinge expresse  
 All myne adventure, chaunce, and businesse, 40  
 And eke my name; I tolde her every dell:  
 When she hard this she lyked me full well.

He-

A:

† This alludes to a former part of the Poem.

Her name, she sayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE ;  
 Into the base courte she dyd me then lede,  
 Where was a fountayne depured of pleasaunce, 45  
 A noble sprynge, a riall conduyte hede,  
 Made of fyne golde enameled with reed ;  
 And on the toppe four dragons blew and floute  
 The dulcet water in four parts dyd spoute.

Of whyche ther flowed foure ryvers ryght clere, 50  
 Sweter than Nylus† or Ganges was ther odoure ;  
 Tygres or Eufates unto them no pere :  
 I did than taste th' aromatyke licoure  
 Fragrant of fume, and swete as any floure,  
 And in my mouthe it had a marveylous scent 55  
 Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought  
 Dame Countenaunce into a goodlye Hall,  
 Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought :  
 The wyndowes clere depured all of crystall, 60  
 And in the roufe on hie over all  
 Of gold was made a ryght crafty vyne,  
 Instede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,  
 With pillars made of stones pretious, 65  
 Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,  
 It might be called a palace glorious,  
 So much delectable and solacious :  
 The hall was hanged hye and circuler  
 With clothe of arras in the richest manner. 70

VOL. III.

G 5

That

† *Nylus. PG.*

90      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

That treated well of a ful noble story,  
 Of the doutye waye to the Tower Perillous ; †  
 Howe a noble knyghte should winne the victory  
 Of many a serpent foule and odious.

•   •   •   •   •   •

† *The Story of the Poem.*

X.

T H E   C H I L D   O F   E L L E ,

— is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio M which tho' extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to be of so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt completion of the story. The Reader will easily discover supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and beauties of the original.

CHILD was a title sometimes given to a knight. See C.

O N yonder hill a castle standes,  
 With wailes and towres bedight,  
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
 A young and comely knyghte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,  
 And stood at his garden pale,  
 Whan, lo ! he beheld fair Emmelines page  
 Come trippinge downe the dale.

AND BALLADS. 91

The Childe of Elle he hyed him thence,  
Y-wis he stode not stille, 10  
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page  
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Chrifte thee save, thou little foot-page,  
Now Chrifte thee save and see!  
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye, 15  
And what may thy tydinges bee?

My ladye thee is all woe-begone,  
And the teares they falle from her eyne;  
And aye shee laments the deadlye feude  
Betweene her house and thine. 20

And here shee fends thee a filken scarfe  
Bedewde with many a teare,  
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,  
Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee fends thee a ring of golde 25  
The last boone thou mayst have,  
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,  
Whan she is layde in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,  
And in grave soone must shee bee, 30  
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,  
And forbidde her to thinke of thee.

Her

Her fathir hath brought her a carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye,  
And within three dayes shee must him wedde,  
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And greet thy ladye from mee,  
And telle her that I her owne true love  
Will dye, or sette her free.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And let thy fair ladye know  
This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,  
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,  
He neither flint ne stayd  
Untill he came to faire Emmelines bowre,  
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, Ive been with thy own true love,  
And he greets thee well by mee;  
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,  
And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,  
And all were fast asleepe,  
All save the ladye Emmeline,  
Who sate in her bowre to weepe :

# AND BALLADS. 93

And soone shee heard her true loves voice  
 Lowe whispering at the walle,  
 Awake, awake, my deare ladye,  
 Tis I thy true love call. 60

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,  
 Come, mount this faire palfraye :  
 This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,  
 Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight, 65  
 Now nay, this may not bee ;  
 For aye should I tint my maiden fame,  
 If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true  
 Mayst safelye wend alone, 70  
 To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,  
 Where marriage shall make us one.

“ My father he is a baron bolde;  
 Of lynage proude and hye ;  
 And what would he saye if his daughtèr 75  
 Awaye with a knight should fly ?

Ah ! well I wot, he never would rest,  
 Nor his meate should doe him no goode,  
 Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,  
 And secne thy deare hearts blood.” 80  
 O ladye,

94      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
 And a little space him fro,  
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
 Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye wert thou in thy saddle sette, 85  
 And once without this walle,  
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
 Nor the worst that might befallè.

Faire Emmeline fighde, fair Emmeline wept, 90  
 And aye her heart was woe :  
 At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,  
 And downe the ladder hee drewe :

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,  
 And kist her tenderlie :  
 The teares that fell from her fair eyes, 95  
 Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,  
 And her on a faire palfraye,  
 And slung his bugle about his necke,  
 And roundlye they rode awaye. 100

All this beheard her owne damfelle,  
 In her bed whereas shee ley,  
 Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,  
 Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake

# A N D B A L L A D S. 95

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde! 105

Awake, my noble dame!

Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,

To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,

And calde his merrye men all: 110

“ And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,

Thy ladye is carried to thrall.”

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,

A mile forth of the towne,

When she was aware of her fathers men 115

Come galloping over the downe:

And foremost came the carlish knight,

Sir John of the north countraye:

“ Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitdure,

Nor carry that ladye awaye. 120

For she is come of hye lynage,

And was of a ladye borne,

And ill it befeems thee a false churles sonne

To carrye her hence to scorne.”

Nowe loud thou lyeft, Sir John the knight, 125

Nowe thou doest lye of mee;

A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,

Soe never did none by thee.



96      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,  
 Light downe, and hold my steed,  
 While I and this discourteous knight  
 Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light now downe, my deare ladye,  
 Light downe, and hold my horse;  
 While I and this discourteous knight  
 Doe trye our valours force.

Fair Emmeline sighde, fair Emmeline wept,  
 And aye her heart was woe,  
 While twixt her love, and the carlish knight  
 Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought foe well,  
 As his weapon he wavde amaine,  
 That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,  
 And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men  
 Full fast approached nye:  
 Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?  
 Twere nowe no beote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,  
 And blew both loud and shrill,  
 And soone he saw his owne merry men  
 Come ryding over the hill.

Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,  
 I pray thee, hold thy hand,  
 Nor ruthles rend two gentle hearts, 155  
 Fast knit in true loves band.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde  
 Full long and many a day,  
 But with such love as holy kirke  
 Hath freelye sayd wee may. 160

O give consent, thee may be mine,  
 And bleſſe a faithfulle paire :  
 My lands and livings are not ſmall,  
 My houſe and lynage faire :

My mother ſhe was an erles daughtèr, 165  
 A noble knyght my fire——  
 The baron he frownde, and turnde away  
 With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline ſighde, faire Emmeline wept,  
 And did all trembling ſtand : 170  
 At lengthe ſhe ſprange upon her knee,  
 And held his liſted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,  
 This faire yong knyght and mee :  
 Truſt me, but for the carliſh knyght, 175  
 I ne'er had fled from thee.

# 98      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Oft have you callde your Emmeline  
 Your darling and your joye ;  
 O let not then your harsh resolves  
 Your Emmeline destroye. 180

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheekes,  
 And turnde his heade asyde  
 To whipe awaye the starting teare,  
 He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stood, 185  
 And musde a little space ;  
 Then raise faire Emmeline from the grounde,  
 With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, child of Elle, he sayd,  
 And gave her lillye hand, 190  
 Here take my deare and only child,  
 And with her half my land :

Thy father once mine honour wrongde  
 In dayes of youthful pride ;  
 Do thou the injurie repayre 195  
 In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,  
 Heaven prosper thee and thine :  
 And nowe my blessing wend w<sup>t</sup> thee,  
 My lovelye Emmeline. 200

## XI.

EDOM O' GORDON,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCCLV. 8vo. 12 pages.—We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple Bart. who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is intituled CAPTAIN ADAM CARRE, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within 20 miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The Castle of the Rhodas is fixed by tradition in the neighbourhood of Dunse in Berwickshire. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county. Whether this ballad hath any foundation in fact, we have not been able to discover. It contains however but too just a picture of the violences practised in the feudal times all over Europe.

102      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Cum down to me, ze lady gay,  
 Cum down, cum down to me :  
 This night fall ye lig within mine armes,  
 To-morrow my bride fall be.

I winnae cum down, ze false Gordòn,  
 I winnae cum down to thee ;  
 I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,  
 That is the far frae me.

Give ower your house, ze lady fair,  
 Give ower your house to me,  
 Or I will breun yoursel therein,  
 But not your babies three.

I winnae give ower, ze false Gordòn,  
 To nae sic traitor as thee ;  
 And if ze breun my ain dear babes,  
 My Lord will make ze drie.

But reach my pistol, Gland, my man,  
 And charge ze weil my gun :  
 For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,  
 My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa,  
 And let twa bullets flee :  
 She mist that bluidy butchers hart,  
 And only raz'd his knes.

Se  
 Fa  
 40  
 Wa  
 I  
 Ce  
 45  
 En  
 Ce  
 50  
 Z  
 B  
 C  
 55  
 60  
 Set

# AND BALLADS.

103

Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordon,  
All wood wi' dule and ire:  
Fals lady, ze fall rue this deid,  
As ze brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man, 65  
I paid ze weil your fee;  
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,  
Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,  
I paid ze weil your hire; 70  
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,  
To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;  
Ze paid me weil my fee:  
But now Ime Edom o' Gordons man, 75  
Maun either doe or die.

O than bespauk hir little son,  
Sate on the nourice' knee:  
Sayes, Mither dear, gi owre this house,  
For the reek it smithers me. 80

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,  
Sae wad I a' my fee,  
For ane blast o' the westlin wind,  
To blaw the reek frae thee.

H 4

O then

O then bespaik hir dochter dear,  
 She was baith jimp and sma:  
 O row me in a pair o' sheits,  
 And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits  
 And towd hir owre the wa:  
 But on the point of Gordons sp  
 She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth  
 And cherry wer hir cheiks,  
 And clear clear was hir zellow  
 Whereon the reid bluid dreig

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir  
 O gin hir face was wan!  
 He sayd, Ze are the first that e  
 I wisht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre ag  
 O gin hir skin was whyte!  
 I might ha spared that bonnie fa  
 To hac been sum mans delyte.

V. 98, 102, O gin, &c. a Scottish idiom  
 ration.

206      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Then fair, O fair his mind misgave,  
 And all his hart was wae:  
 Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
 Sa fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
 So fast as ze can drie;  
 For he that is kindmofst of the thrang,  
 Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,  
 Fou fast out-owre the beat;  
 But eir the foremost could get up,  
 Baith lady and babes were brunt.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,  
 And wept in teenefu' muid:  
 O traitors, for this cruel deid  
 Ze fall weip teirs o' bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,  
 Sa fast as he nicht drie;  
 And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartie bluid,  
 He's wroken his dear ladie.



## XII.

## AN ELEGY

ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTH-  
HUMBERLAND.

*As it was proposed to give specimens of the composition of most of our ancient poets, the reader has here an ELEGY of SKELTON'S: yet as this is some little deviation from our plan, we chuse to throw it to the end of the FIRST BOOK, though evidently written before some of the preceding.*

*The subject of this poem is the death of HENRY PERCY, fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house and murdered him with several of his attendants: who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, April 28. 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.*

*If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this poem (which yet is one of Skelton's best) he will see a picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is depicted here as having among his menial servants, KNIGHTS, SQUIRES, and even BARONS: see v. 32. 183. &c. however different from modern manners, was not unusual to our greater barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the Laws against Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.*

*JOHN SKELTON, who commonly styled himself Poet Laureat, died June 21. 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is taken from an ancient edition of his poems in bl. let. 12mo. 15 It is addressed to Henry fifth earl of Northumberland: it is prefaced, &c. in the following manner:*

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metricum  
alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Per  
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit.  
Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis,  
Quæque suo patri tristia iusta \* \* \*  
Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet  
Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.  
Qui leo sit felix, & Nestoris occupet annos,  
Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLOURS DETHE AND  
LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOST HONORABLE  
ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

**I**Wayle, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful fore  
The dedely fate, the dolefulle destiny  
Of hym that is gone, alas! without restore,

Of the bloud† royall descending nobelly;  
 Whose lordshyp doutles, was slayne lamentably 5  
 Thorow trefon again him compassed and wrought;  
 Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of heavenly poems, O Clyo calde by name  
 In the colege of musis goddes hystoriall,  
 Adres the to me, whiche am both halt I lame 10  
 In elect uteraunce to make memoryall:  
 To the for souccour, to the for helpe I call  
 Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell  
 With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde, 15  
 Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate,  
 By thy report ar wont to be extold,  
 Regestringe trewly every formaré date;  
 Of thy bountie after the usuall rate,  
 Kyndell in me suche plenty of thy noblès, 20  
 These sorowfulle ditès that I may shew expres.

In selsons past who hath herde or sene  
 Of formar writyng by any presidente  
 That vilane hastarddis in their furious tene,  
 Fulfylled with malice of froward entente, 25  
 Confetered togeder of common concente  
 Falsly to flee theyr most singuler good lord?  
 It may be registrede of shamefull recorde.

† Henry, first E. of Northumberland, was begotten of Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancaster, second son of K. Henry III.—He was also lineally descended from Godfrey Duke of Brabant, son of the Emperour Charlemagne, by Gerberga niece to Lothar K. of France. See Gambden Brit.

110      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

So noble a man, so valiaunt lord and knyght,  
 Fulfilled with honor, as all the world doth k  
 At his commaundement, which had both day and  
 Knyghtes and squyers, at every season when  
 He calde upon them, as meniall household me  
 Were not these commons uncurteis karlis of kin  
 To flo their own lord? God was not in their my

And were not they to blame, I say also,  
 That were aboute him his owne servants of  
 To suffre him slayn of his mortall fo?  
 Fled away from hym; let hym ly in the duff  
 They bode not till the rekenyng were discusst  
 What shuld I flatter? what shuld I glose or pa  
 fy, fy for shame, their hartes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce, which gretly was red  
 Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland rode i  
 To whom great estates obeyed and lowted;  
 Amayny of rude villayns made hym for to bi  
 Unkindly they slew him, that holp them oft a  
 He was their bulwark, their paves, and their v  
 Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot ther

I say, ye comoners, why wer ye so stark mad?  
 What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne?  
 Where was your wit and reson, ye should have  
 What wilful folly made yow to ryse agayne  
 Your naturall lord? alas! I can not sayne.  
 Ye armed you with will, and lest your wit behy  
 Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

is your chefteyne, your shelde, your chef defence,  
 ly to assist you in every time of nede :  
 worship depended of his excellence :  
 a ! ye mad men, to far ye did excede : 60  
 or hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede :  
 moved you againe him to war or to fyght ?  
 ayde you to sle your lord agayn all ryght ?

ground of his quarel was for his soverain lord,  
 e well concerning of all the hole lande, 65  
 andyng suche duties as nedes most acord  
 the right of his prince which shold not be withstand;  
 whose cause ye slew him with your owne hand :  
 ad his noble men done wel that day  
 ad not been able to have sayd hym nay. 70

her was fals packing, or els I am begylde ;  
 w be it the mater was evydent and playne,  
 they had occupied their spere and their shilde,  
 is noble man doutles had not bene slayne.  
 t men say they wer lynked with a double chaine, 75  
 held with the comones under a cloke,  
 h kindeled the wild fyr that made al this smoke.

commons renyed ther taxes to pay  
 them demaunded and asked by the kynge ;  
 one voice importune, they plainly sayd nay : 80  
 ybuskt them on a bushment themselfe in baile to bringt  
 yne the kyngs plesure to wrestle or to wring,  
 ly as bestis with bofte and with crye  
 sayd, they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The

The nobelnes of the north this valiant lord  
 As man that was innocent of trechery  
 Prefred forth boldly to withstand the myg  
 And, lyke marciall Hector, he faught  
 Vygorously upon them with might an  
 Trustyng in noble men that were with hi  
 But al they fled from hym for falshode o

Barones, knyghtes, squiers and all,  
 Together with seruauntes of his famul  
 Turned their backe, and let their master  
 Of whome they counted not a flye;  
 Take up whose wold for them, they le  
 Alas! his gold, his fee, his annual rent  
 Upon suche a sort was ille bestowd and f

He was enviroind aboute on every syde  
 With his enemyes, that were starke mac  
 Yet while he stode he gave them wounde  
 Alas for ruth! what thoughe his myne  
 His corage manly, yet ther he shed his  
 Al left alone, alas! he foughte in vayne  
 For cruelly among them ther he was slay

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spylt  
 The famous erle of Northumberland:  
 Of knyghtly prowes the sword pomel and  
 The myghty lyon doutted by se and la  
 O dolorous chaunce of fortunes froward  
 What man remembryng howe shamfully  
 From bitter weping himself can restrain?

1 knight,  
raine,

in agayne  
with maine  
here:  
re.

ly.

100

25

O cruel Mars. whose cruel eye of war  
O infinite reveller of the name.  
When thou fustest me, I was a noble man of war  
O god of might, thy might was in my name  
Which were marked with the blood of the name  
Marked with the blood of the name  
When in he put me thus, my wound

O invader of the world, thy name  
Goddess most cruel, thou the lord of war.

All men are in the world of war.

O invader, when I was a noble man of war  
So cruelly upon the world of war.

Thou with thy power, thy power of the world of war,  
Thou art invader of the world of war.

My words were in the world of war  
Of the world of war, thy world of war  
But by thee, thou world of war, thou world of war  
Of the world of war, thy world of war  
Which will be the world of war, thy world of war.

Of knights, of knights, thy world of war and war  
Thy fykell fortune began on thy world of war.

Paregall to dukes, with thy power he might compare,  
Surmounting in the world of war he did exceed, 115

To all countries aboute hym reports me I dare.

Lyke to Eneas besiege in warde and dede.

Valiant as Hector in every marshall dede,

Prudent, discrete, circumpet and wyse.

Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym to fortune's double dyke.

Vol. III.

I

What

# 114      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame  
 With my rude pen enkankered all with rust?  
 Whose noble actes show worshiply his name,  
 Transcendyng 'far' myne homely muse, that muste  
 Yet somewhat wright supprised with herty lust,      145  
 Truly reportyng his right noble estate,  
 Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never destayned was,  
 Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght,  
 Dobleness hatyng, fals maters to compas,      150  
 Treytory and treson he banyssh out of syght,  
 With truth to medle was al his holl delyght,  
 As all his countrey can testify the same:  
 To sle suche a lorde, alas, it was great shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne      155  
 In me all onely wer set and comprysed,  
 Enbrethed with the blast of influence devyne,  
 As perfytyly as could be thought or devised;  
 To me also all though it were promysed  
 Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,      160  
 All were to lytell for his magnificence.

O yonge lyon, but tender yet of age,  
 Grow and encrease, remembre thyn estate,  
 God the assyst unto thyn herytage,  
 And geve the grace to be more fortunate,      165  
 Agayn rebellyones arme to make debate,  
 And, as the lyone, whiche is of bestes kynge,  
 Unto thy subjectes be curteis and benynge.



# AND BALLADS. 115

I pray God sende the prosperous lyfe and long,  
 Stable thy mynde constant to be and fast, 170  
 Ryght to mayntayn, and to resyft all wronge,  
 All flatterying saytors abhor and from the cast,  
 Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast,  
 Let double delyng in the have no place,  
 And be not lyght of credence in no case. 175

With hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,  
 Eche man may sorow in his inward thought,  
 This lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd  
 Al gife Englund and Fraunce were thorow faught.  
 Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they ought 180  
 Both temporall and spiritual for to complayne  
 This noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,  
 And all other gentilmen with him enterteyned  
 In fee, as menyall men of his housfold, 185  
 Whom he as lord worshiply mainteyned :  
 To sorowful weping they ought to be constreined,  
 As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce,  
 Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

Perlese prince of heven emperyall, 190  
 That with one worde formed al thing of noughte;  
 Heven, hell, and erthe obey unto thy call ;  
 Which to thy resemblance wonderfly hast wrought  
 All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast bought,  
 With thy bloud precious our finauce thou did pay 195  
 And us redemed, from the fendys pray :

## 116      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

To the pray we, as prince incomparable,  
As thou art of mercy and pyte the well,  
Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable  
The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell,  
In endles blys with the to byde and dwell  
In thy palace above the orient,  
Where thou art lord, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,  
Mayden most pure, and goddes moder dere,  
To sorowful hartes cheif comfort and solace,  
Of all women O flowre without pere,  
Pray to thy son above the sterres clere,  
He to vouchesaf by thy mediacion  
To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvation.

In joy triumphaunt the heavenly yerarchy,  
With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,  
His soull not receyve into theyr company  
Thorow bounty of hym that formed all solace:  
Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace,  
The father, the sonn, and the holy ghost  
In Trinitate one God of myghts moeste.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOKE



A R C T I C  
 SONGS AND BALLADS,  
 &c.

SERIES THE FIRST.  
 BOOK II.

BALLADS\* THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKESPEARE

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many  
 ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of some of our best  
 of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to give

serve as many of these as could be recovered, and that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collection. This SECOND BOOK is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by SHAKESPEARE, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces, that have no other kind of merit.

The design of this BOOK being of a Dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, and ON THE CONDUCT OF OUR FIRST DRAMATIC POETS: a subject, which though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already, will yet perhaps admit of some further illustration.

ON  
THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE,  
&c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the more important stories of scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c. these exhibitions acquired the general name of MYSTERIES. At first they were probably a kind of dumb shows, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved state (being at best but poor artists' compositions) may

\* Bp. Warburton's *Shakesp.* vol. 5. p. 338.—Pref. to *Dodgley's Old Plays.*—*Riccoboni's Acct. of Theat. of Europe.*

may be seen among Dodder's Old Plays and in Othello's  
 HARLEQUIN MISCELL. From their early existence in their  
 most simple form, the men have been an ancient custom (often  
 quoted in our old dramatic pieces\*) included. . . . a merry  
 sort of a man that was called Howleglas †. Sc. being a trans-  
 lation from the Dutch language, in which he is named Ulen-  
 spiegel. Howleglas, whose waggish tricks are the subject of  
 this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest,  
 who makes him his parish-clerk. This priest is depicted as  
 keeping a LEMAN or concubine, who had but one eye, to  
 whom Howleglas owes a grudge for revealing his requies to  
 his master. The story thus proceeds, . . . " And then in  
 " the merry season, while Howleglas was parish-clerk, at  
 " Easter they should play the resurrection of our lords: and  
 " for because then the men were not learned, nor could not  
 " read, the priest take his leman, and put her in the grave for  
 " an Aungell: and this seeing Howleglas, take to hym iij of  
 " the simplest persons that were in the towne, that played  
 " the iij Marias; and the Parson [i. e. Parson or Rector]  
 " played Christe, with a banner in his hand. Than saide  
 " Howleglas to the simple persons, Whan the Aungell asketh  
 " you, whome you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman  
 " with one eye. Than is fortun'd that the tyme was come  
 " that they must playe, and the Angel asked them whom they  
 " sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas had shew'd and  
 " lerned them afore, and than answered they, We seke the  
 " priests leman with one eye. And than the prieste might  
 " heare that he was mocked And whan the priestes leman  
 " herd that, she arose out of the grave, and would have  
 " smitten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheeke, but she missed  
 " him and smote one of the simple persons that played one of  
 I 4 " the

\* See Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, Act. 3. sc. 4. and his *Maypole of the Fortunate Isles*.

† Howleglas is said in the Preface to have died in M.cccc.l.  
 At the end of the book, in M.ccc.l.

“ the thre Maries ; and he gave her another ; and t  
 “ toke she him by the beare [hair] ; and that seing his w  
 “ came running hastily to smite the priestes leaman ; and  
 “ the priest seing this, caste down hys baner and wen  
 “ helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other  
 “ strokes, and made great noyse in the churche. And t  
 “ Howleglas seyng them lyinge together by the eares in  
 “ bodi of the churche, went his way out of the villiage,  
 “ came no more there †.”

As the old Mysteries frequently required the representa-  
 of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Cha-  
 Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those w-  
 tered ages began to form compleat dramatic pieces consi-  
 tirely of such personifications. These they intituled MO-  
 PLAYS, or MORALITIES. The Mysteries were very  
 artificial, representing the scripture stories simply accordi-  
 the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invent-  
 they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art ; they contain  
 thing of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate cha-  
 ters and manners. I have now before me two that  
 printed early in the reign of Henry VIII ; in which I t  
 one may plainly discover the seeds of Tragedy and Com-  
 for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them bot-

One of them is intituled *Every Man* \*. The subject of  
 piece is the summoning of man out of the world by death ;  
 its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-  
 life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral  
 opened in a monologue spoken by the MESSENGER (for  
 was the name generally given by our ancestors to the pro-  
 on their rude stage :) then GOD † is represented, who  
 some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, call

D

† L. Imprinted . . . by Wyllyam Copland : without da-  
 10. 16. Let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays. K. vol. 10.

\* See a farther account of this play in Vol. 2. p. 104.  
 where instead of “ Wynkyn de Worde” read Rycharde Pynson

† The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.

**DEATH** and orders him to bring before his tribunal **EVERY-MAN**, for so is called the personage who represents the human race. **EVERY-MAN** appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When **Death** is with-  
drawn, **Every-man** applies for relief in this distress to **FEL-LOWSHIP**, **KINDRED**, **GOODS** or **Riches**, but they suc-  
cessfully repulse and forsake him. In this desolate state he be-  
travels himself to **GOOD-DEDES**, who after upbraid-  
ing him with his long neglect of her †, introduces him to her  
sister **KNOWLEDGE**, and she leads him to the "holy man  
**CONFESSION**" who appoints him penance: this he inflicts  
upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the  
sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax  
faint, and after **STRENGTH**, **BEAUTY**, **DISCRETION**  
and **FIVE WITS** \* have all taken their final leave of him,  
gradually expires on the stage; **Good-dedes** still accompanying  
him to the last. Then an **AUNGELL** descends to sing his  
requiem: and the epilogue is spoken by a person, called **DOC-  
TOUR**, who recapitulates the whole and delivers the moral,

" & This memoriall men may have in mynde,  
" Ye beeters, take it of worth old and yonge,  
" And forsaie pryde, for he deceyvethe you in thende,  
" And remembre Beautie, Five Wits, Sirength and Discrecion,  
" They all at last do Every-man forsaie,  
" Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take:  
" But beware, for and they be small,  
" Before God he hath no helpe at all." &c.

From this short analysis it may be observed that **Every Man**  
is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to ex-  
cite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be re-  
ferred to the class of tragedy. It is remarkable that in this  
old

† These above-mentioned are male characters.

\* i. e. the five senses. These are frequently exhibited upon the  
Spanish stage: (see Riccoboni p. 95.) but our morality has repre-  
sented them all by one personage.

old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. EVERY MAN the hero of the piece after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence KNOWLEDGE discants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed except in the circumstance of Every-man's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agon. of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan.

The other play is intitled *Wick-scorner* \* and bears no distant resemblance to comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The prologue is spoken by PITY represented under the character of an aged pilgrim, he is joynd by CONTEMPLACYON and PERSEVERANCE two holy men, who after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by FREWYLL, representing a lewd debauchee, who with his dissolute companion IMAGINACION, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by HICK-SCORNER, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and PITY endeavours to part the fray: on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity then discants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacion, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone Frewill appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men,

\* Emprynted by me Wpnhpyn D. Worde, no date; in 4to, bl. Let.



men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine-companion Imaginacion from their vicious course of life : and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of epilogue. This and every Morality I have seen conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme ; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

It would be needless to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play : they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, bating the moral and religious reflections of Pity, &c. the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We see then that the writers of these Moralities were upon the very threshold of real Tragedy and Comedy ; and therefore we are not to wonder that Tragedies and Comedies in form soon after took place, especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

At what period of time the Mysteries and Moralities had their rise it is difficult to discover. Holy plays representing the miracles and sufferings of the saints appear to have been no novelty in the reign of Henry II. and a lighter sort of Interludes were not then unknown \*. In Chaucer's Time " Plays  
" of

\* See Fitz-stephens's description of London, preserved by Stow, *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiones, representationes miraculorum, &c.* He is thought to have written in the R. of Hen. II. and to have died in that of Rich. I. It is true at the end of his book we find mentioned *Henricum regem tertium* ; but as it comes in between the names of the *Empress Maud and Thomas Becket*, it is probably a mistake of some transcriber for *Henricum regem ij.* as it might be written in MS. From a passage in his Chap. De Religione, it should seem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the Church of Canterbury.

"of Miracles" were the common resort of idle gossips†. Towards the latter end of Henry the VIII's reign Morality was so common, that John Rustel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published "C. A new interlude and a met of the nature of the iii elements declaring many proper points of philosophy natural, and of diuers straunge landys," &c. It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent;

— "Within this xx yere  
 "Westwarde be founde new landes  
 "That we neuer barde tell of before this," &c.

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492 which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510. The play of *Which Doer* was probably somewhat more ancient, as it still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of "the Newe founde londe," *fig. A. vij.*

It appears from the prologue of the play of *The Four Elements*, that Interludes were then very common: The profession of PLAYER was no less common; for in an old satire intitled *Cocke Rozelles Note*† the author enumerates all the most common

† See Prologue to *Wife of Bath's Tale*, v. 558. Urry's Ed.

\* Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, *Old Plays* i. vol. 3. The *Dramatis Personæ* are, "C. The Messengere (or Prologue) Nature naturate. Humanyte. Studyous Desire. Sensuall Appetite. The Taverner. Experyence. Ignorance. (Also yf hyse ye may brynge in a dysgyfyng.)" Afterwards follows table of the matters handled in the interlude. Among which a "C. Of certeyn conclusions prouvyng y<sup>e</sup> the yerthe must nedes rounde, and that it benyeth in myddes of the firmament, &c. "C. Of certeyne points of cosmography . . . and of dyuers straunge regions, . . . and of the new founde landys and the maner of y<sup>e</sup> people." This part is extremely curious, as it shewes what notions were entertained of the new American discoveries.

† *Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-st. by W. de Worde. no date. bl. L. 4.*

common trades or callings, as "Carpenters, Coopers, Joyners, &c. and among others, PLAYERS, tho' it must be acknowledged he has placed them in no very reputable company,

"PLAYERS, purse-cutters, money batterers,

"Golde-washers, tomblers, jogelers,

"Pardoners, &c."

Sign. B. vj.

It is observable that in the old Moralities of Hick Scorne, Every-man, &c. there is no kind of stage direction for the exits and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But in the moral interlude of *Lusty Ivventus* †, written under Edw. VI. the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin: at length in 2. Elizabeth's reign Moralities appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodslcy.

In the time of Hen. VIII. one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the classical names of Comedy and Tragedy\*, but they appear not to have been intended for popular use: it was not till the religious ferments had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Eliz. Tragedies and Comedies began to appear in form, and could the poets have persevered, the first models were good. *Corboduc*, a regular tragedy, was acted in 1561. [See Ames p. 316.] and *Gascoigne*, in 1566, exhibited *Neasta*, a translation from Euripides, as also *The Supposes*, a regular comedy, from Ariosto: near thirty years before any of Shakespeare's were printed.

The

† Described in vol. 2. pag. 104. The Dramatis Personæ of this piece are, C. Messenger. Lusty Ivventus. Good Counsaill. Knowledge. Sathan the devyll. Hypocrisie. Fellowship. Abominable-lying, [an Harlot.] Gods-merciful-promises."

\* Bp. Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his *Mystery of Gods Promises*, in 1538. In 1540 John Palsgrave, B.D. had republished a Latin comedy called *Æcolastus*, with an English version. Holingshed even tells us, that so early as 1520, the king had "a goodlie comedie of Plautus plaied" before him at Greenwich: but he does not say in what language. See vol. 3. p. 850.

The people however still retained a relish for their old Mysteries and Moralities †, and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. The graver sort of Moralities appear to have given birth to our modern TRAGEDY; as our COMEDY evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic ‡ has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural TRAGICOMEDIES. Even after the people had been accustomed to Tragedies and Comedies, Moralities still kept their ground: one of them intituled *The New Custom* † was printed so late as 1573: at length they assumed the name of MASQUES ‡, and with some classical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.

As for the old Mysteries, which ceased to be acted after the reformation, they seem to have given rise to a third species of stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with Tragedy or Comedy, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both: these were Historical Plays, or HISTORIES, a species of dramatic writing, which resembled the old Mysteries in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from Tragedy, just as much as Historical poems do from Epic: as the *Pharsalia* does from the *Æneid*. What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this turn was, that soon after the Mysteries ceased to be exhibited, there was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called *The Mirror for Magistrates* §, wherein a great number of the most

† The general reception the old Moralities had upon the stage will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar to every body.

‡ Bp. Warburt. *Shakesp.* V. 5. † In *Dods. Old Plays*, V. 1.

‡ In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben. Jonson's masque of *Christmas* 1616, one of the personages is MINCED PYE.

§ The first part of which was printed in 1559.

most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular and of a dramatic cast, and therefore, as an elegant writer <sup>||</sup> has well observed, might have its influence in producing Historic Plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient Mysteries suggested the plan.

That our old writers considered Historical Plays as somewhat distinct from Tragedy and Comedy, appears from numberless passages of their works. "Of late days, says Stow, instead of those stage-plays \* have been used Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, and HISTORIES both true and fained." Survey of London †. — Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to *The Captain*, say,

"This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,  
"Nor HISTORY." —

Polonius in *Hamlet* commends the actors, as the best in the world "either for Tragedie, Comedie, HISTORIE, Pastorall," &c. And Shakespeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edit. of his plays, in 1623, have not only intitled their book "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, HISTORIES, and Tragedies:" but in their Table of Contents have arranged them under those three several heads: placing in the class of HISTORIES, "K. John, Richard II. Henry IV. 2 pts. Henry V. Henry VI. 3 pts. Richard III. and Henry VIII.

This distinction deserves the attention of the critics: for if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by those rules the author prescribed for his observance, then we ought not to try Shakespeare's HISTORIES by the general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry: but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

We

<sup>||</sup> *Catal. of Royal and Noble authors*, vol. 1. p. 166, 7.

\* *The Creation of the world, acted at Skinners-well, in 1409.*

† See Mr. Warton's *Observations*, vol. 2. p. 109.

We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it without remarking the great fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments: not fewer than NINETEEN play-houses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix* \*. From this writer we learn that "tobacco, wine, and beer †" were in those days the usual accommodations in the theatre, as now at Sadler's Wells. With regard to the ancient prices of admission; That play-house called the HOPE had five different priced seats from six-pence to half-a-crown ‡. Some Houses had PENNY benches ||. The "two-penny gallery" is mentioned in the Prol. to Beaum. and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*: And seats of three-pence and a groat in the passage of Prynne last referred to. But the general price of what is now called the PIT seems to have been a shilling †. The time of exhibition was early in the afternoon, their plays being generally acted by day-light ‡. All female parts were performed by men, no actress being ever seen on the public stage before the civil wars. And as for the play-house furniture and ornaments, "they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewed with rushes, with habits accordingly §:" as we are assured in *A short Discourse on the English Stage*, subjoined to Flecknoe's *LOVE'S-KINGDOM*, 1674. 12mo.

\* He speaks in p. 492, of the play-houses in Bishopsgate-Street, and on Ludgate-Hill, which are not among the SEVENTEEN enumerated in Pref. to Dodslry's *Old Plays*.

† P. 322. ‡ Induct. to Jonson's *Bartbolomeu-Fair*.

|| So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Nash, an old pamphlet-writer.

‡ Shakesp. Prol. to Hen. viij.—Beaum. and Fletch. Prol. to the *Captain*, and to the *Mad-lover*. The PIT probably had its name from one of the Play-houses having been a Cock-pit.

‡ Biegr. Brit. I. 117. n.—Overbury's *Character* of an actor.—Even in the reign of Cha. II. plays began at 3 in the afternoon.

§ Pusttenbam tells us they used Vizards in his time, "partly to supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble . . . "princes chambers with too many folkes." [Art of Eng. Poet. 1589. p. 26.] From the last clause, it should seem that they were chiefly used in the MASQUES at Court.

I. ADAM

I.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH,  
AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY,

—were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called in the ballad English-wood, which is probably the true etymology.) When they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on “THE PEDIGREE, EDUCATION, AND MARRIAGE OF ROBIN HOOD,” makes them contemporary with Robin Hood’s father, in order to give him the honour of beating them. This seems to prove that they were generally thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen, their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakespeare, in his comedy of “MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING,” ACT I. makes Benedicke confirm his resolves of not yielding to love, by this protestation, “If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat\*, and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder and called ADAM :” meaning ADAM BELL, as Theobald rightly observes.

VOL. III.

K

sees

\* Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask or firkin, half filled with foot: and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to shew their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

*serves, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has also well conjectured that "Abraham Cupid" in Romeo and Juliet, A 2. sc. 1. should be "Adam Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned CLYM O' THE CLOUGH in his Alchemist, Act 1. sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called "The long vacation in London," describes the Attorneys and Proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields,*

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde;

"Where arrowes stick with mickle pride;

"... Like ghosts of ADAM BELL and CLYMME.

"Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him."

*Works, p. 291. fol. 1673.*

*The following stanzas will be judged from the stile, orthography, and numbers, to be very ancient: they are given from an old black-letter quarto. Imprinted at London in Longburne by Wyllyam Copland (no date): corrected in some places by another copy in the editor's folio MS. In that volume this ballad is followed by another, intitled YOUNGE CLOUDESLEE, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudesly's son: but greatly inferior to this, both in merit and antiquity.*

#### PART THE FIRST.

MERY it was in grene forèst  
Amonge the levès grene,

Wheras men hunt east and west

Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne;

5

Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;

As by thre yemen of the north countrè,

By them it is I meane.

The



# AND BALLADS. 131

The one of them bight Adam Bel,  
 The other Clyn of the Clough, 10  
 The thyrd was William of Cloudefly,  
 An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,  
 These yemen everychone;  
 They swore them brethren upon a day, 15  
 To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lyften, gentylmen,  
 That of myrthe loveth to here:  
 Two of them were fingele men,  
 The third had a wedded fere. 20

Wyllyam was the wedded man,  
 Muche more than was hys care:  
 He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,  
 To Carleil he wold fare;

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife, 25  
 And with hys chyldren thre.  
 By my trouth, fayde Adam Bel,  
 Not by the counsell of me:

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,  
 And from thys wylde wode wende, 30  
 K 2 If

*Ver. 24. Carleil. in P. C. passim.*

132      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

If the iustice may you take,  
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,  
By pryme to you agayne,  
Truffe not els, but that I am take,  
Or elfe that I am flayne.

35

He toke hys leave of his brethren two,  
And to Carleil he is gon :  
There he knocked at his owne windøwe  
Shortlye and anone.

40

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,  
And my chyldren thre ?  
Lyghtly let in thyne own hufbànde  
Wyllyam of Cloudefflè.

Alas ! then fayde fayre Alyce,  
And fyghed wonderous fore,  
Thys place hath ben befette for you  
Thys halfe yere and more.

45

Now am I here, fayde Cloudefflè,  
I wold that in I were :  
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,  
And let us make good chere.

50

She

# AND BALLADS. 133

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,  
 Lyke a true wedded wyfe ;  
 And pleased hym with that she had, 55  
 Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,  
 A lytle besyde the fyre,  
 Whych Wyllyam had found of charytyè  
 More than seven yere. 60

Up she rose, and forth she goes,  
 Evel mote she spede therefoore ;  
 For she had not set no fote on ground  
 In seven yere before,

She went unto the iustice hall, 65  
 As fast as she could hye :  
 Thys nyght is come unto thys town  
 Wyllyam of Cloudeflyè.

Thereof the iustice was full fayne,  
 And so was the shirife also : 70  
 Thou shalt not trauaill hether, dame, for nought,  
 Thy meed thou shalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good gounne  
 Of scarlate, and of graine :  
 She toke the gyft, and home she wente, 75  
 And couched her doune agayne.

134      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

They ryfed the towne of mery Carleile  
 In all the hafte they can;  
 And came thronging to Wyllyames houle,  
 As faft as they might gone.

80

There they befette that good yemàn  
 About on every fyde:  
 Wyllyam hearde great noyfe of folkes,  
 That theyther-ward they hyed.

Alyce opened a back wyndow,  
 And loked all aboute,  
 She was ware of the iuftice and flurife bothe  
 Wyth a full great route.

85

Alas! treafon, cryed Alyce,  
 Ever wo may thou be!  
 Goe into my chamber, hufband, ſhe fayd,  
 Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeflè.

90

He toke hys fweard and hys bucler,  
 Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,  
 And wente into hys ſtrongeft chamber,  
 Where he thought fureft to be.

95

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,  
 Took a pollaxe in her hande:

He

*Ver. 85. ſtop window. P. C.*

# A N D B A L L A D S.

135

He shal be deade that here commeth in  
Thys dore, whyle I may stand.

100

Cloudeſle bente a wel-good bowe,  
That was of truſty tre,  
He ſmot the juſtiſe on the brest,  
That hys arowe brest in thre.

A curſe on his harte, ſaide William,  
Thys day thy cote dyd on!  
If it had ben no better then myne,  
It had gone nere thy bone.

105

Yeld the Cloudeſle, ſayd the juſtiſe,  
Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.  
A curſe on hys hart, ſayd fair Alyce,  
That my huſband counceleth ſo.

110

Set fyre on the houſe, ſaide the ſherife,  
Syth it wyll no better be,  
And brenne we therin William, he ſaide,  
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

115

They fyred the houſe in many a place,  
The fyre flew up on hye:  
Alas! than cryed ſayre Alice,  
I ſe we here ſhall dy.

120

136      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

William openyd a backe wynddow,  
That was in hys chamber hie,  
And wyth shetes let downe his wyfe,  
And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treafure, sayde William,      125  
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:  
For Christs love do them no harme,  
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,  
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,      130  
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,  
That hys bowfiring brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon  
Good Wyllyam of Cloudefle :  
Than was he a wofull man, and sayde,      135  
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Lever had I, fayde Wyllyam,  
With my sworde in the route to renne,  
Then here among myne enemyes wode  
Thus cruelly to bren.      140

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,  
And among them all he ran,  
Where the people were most in prece,  
He smot downe many a man.

There

# AND BALLADS. 137

There myght no man abyde hys stroke, 145

So ferly on them he ran :

Then they threw wyndowes, and dores on him,

And so toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,

And in depe dongeon cast : 150

Now Cloudeste, sayd the hye justice,

Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,

Now shal I for the make,

And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte : 155

No man shal come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,

Nor yet shal Adam Bell,

Though they came with a thousand mo,

Nor all the devels in hell. 160

Early in the mornynge the justice uprofe,

To the gates fast gan he gon,

And commaundeth to be shut full close

Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place, 165

As fast as he coude hye ;

A payre of new gallous there he set up

Befyde the pyllorye.

A lytle

138      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

A lytle boy amonge them asked,  
 " What meaneth that gallow-tre ?"      170  
 They sayde to hange a good yeaman,  
 Called Wylliam of Cloudefle.

That lytle boye was the towne fwyne-heard,  
 And kept fayre Alyces fwyne ;  
 Oft he had seene Cloudefle in the wodde,      175  
 And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,  
 And lightly to the woode dyd gone,  
 There met he with these wightye yemen  
 Shortly and anone.      180

Alas ! then sayde that lytle boye,  
 Ye tary here all to longe ;  
 Cloudefle is taken, and dampned to death,  
 All readye for to honge.

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell,      185  
 That ever we see thys daye !  
 He had better with us have taryed,  
 So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwellyd in grene forèste,  
 Under the shadowes grene,      190  
 And

*Per.* 179. yonge men. *P. G.*    *Ver.* 190. shadowes sheene. *P. G.*



## A N D B A L L A D S. 139

And have kepte both hym and us in refte,  
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,  
A great hart fone had he flayne :  
Take that, chylde, he fayde, to thy dynner, 195  
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, fayed thefe wightye yemen,  
Tary we no lenger here ;  
We fhall hym borowe by God his grace,  
Though we bye it full dere. 200

To Caerleil wente thefe good yemen,  
In a mery mornynge of maye.  
Here is a FYR † of Cloudeflye,  
And another is for to faye.

### P A R T T H E S E C O N D.

A N D when they came to mery Carleil,  
All in the mornynge tyde,  
They founde the gates farr them awayl  
About on every fyde.

Alas !

*For. 197. wight yong man. P.L. † See Gigs.*

Alas ! than sayd good Adam Bell,  
 That ever we were made men !  
 These gates be shut so wonderous wel,  
 We may not come here in.

5

Then bespake 'him' Clym of the Clough,  
 Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng,  
 Let us saye we be messengers,  
 Streight come nowe from our king.

10

Adam said, I have a letter written,  
 Now let us wysely werke,  
 We wyl saye we have the kynges scales ;  
 I holde the porter no clerke.

15

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate  
 With strokes great and strong :  
 The porter herde suche noyse therat,  
 And to the gate he throng.

20

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,  
 That maketh all thys dinne ?  
 We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,  
 Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayde Adam Bel,  
 To the justice we must it bryng ;  
 Let us in our message to do,  
 That we were agayne to the kyng.

25

Here

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,

Be hym that dyed on a tre,

30

Tyll a false thefe be hanged up,

Called Wyllyam of Cloudefle.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,

And swore by Mary fre,

And if that we stande long wythout,

35

Lyk a thefe honge thou shalt be.

Lo! here we have the kynges seale :

What, Lurden, art thou wode ?

The porter went † it had ben so,

And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

40

Welcome be my lordes seale, he saide ;

For that ye shall come in.

He opened the gate full shortlye ;

An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,

45

Therof we are full faine ;

But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,

How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,

Ryght wel then shoulde we spede,

50

Then

Then might we come out wel ynough  
When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,  
And wrange hys necke in two,  
And cast hym in a depe dongeon,  
And toke hys keys hym fro.

55

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel,  
Se brother the keys are here,  
The worst porter to merry Carleile  
The have had thys hundred yere.

60

And now wyll we our bowes bend,  
Into the towne wyll we go,  
For to delyuer our dère brothèr,  
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,  
And lokcd theyr stringes were round\*,  
The markett place in mery Carleile  
They beset that stound.

65

And, as they lokcd them besyde,  
A paire of new galowes thei see,  
And the iustice with a quest of squyers,  
Had judged theyr fere to de.

70

And

\* So *Ascham* says, "The stringe must be rounde." (*Toxoph. p.*  
149. Ed. 1761.) A precept not very intelligible now.

# AND BALLADS. 143

And Cloudeſſe hymſelfe lay in a carte,  
 Faſt bound both fote and hand;  
 And a ſtronge rop about hys necke,  
 All readye for to hange. 75

The juſtice called to him a ladde,  
 Cloudeſſes clothes ſhould he have  
 To take the meaſure of that yeman,  
 Therafter to make hys grave. 80

I have ſene as great mervaille, ſaid Cloudeſſe,  
 As betweyne thys and pryme,  
 He that maketh thys grave for me  
 Hymſelfe may lye therin.

Thou ſpeakeſt proudli, ſaid the juſtice, 85  
 I ſhall the hange with my hande.  
 Full wel herd this his brethren two,  
 There ſtyll as they dyd ſtande.

Then Cloudeſſe caſt his eyen aſyde,  
 And ſaw hys brethren twaine 90  
 At a corner of the market place,  
 Redy the juſtice for to ſlaine.

I ſe comfort, ſayd Cloudeſſe,  
 Yet hope I well to fare,  
 If I might have my handes at wyll 95  
 Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then

# 144      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Then bespake good Adam Bell  
 To Clym of the Clough so free,  
 Brother, se ye marke the justyce wel,  
 Lo ! yonder ye may him se. 100

And at the shyryfe shote I wyll  
 Strongly wyth arrowe kene,  
 A better shote in mery Carleile  
 Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once, 105  
 Of no man had the dread ;  
 The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,  
 That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them stode nye,  
 When the justice fell to the grounde, 110  
 And the sherife fell hym by ;  
 Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citezens fast gan flye,  
 They durst no lenger abyde ;  
 There lyghtly they loosed Cloudestle, 115  
 Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam sterte to an officer of the town,  
 Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,  
 On

*Ver. 105. lowfed thre. P.C.      Ver. 108. can bled. MS.*

# A N D B A L L A D S.

445

On eche fyde he smote them downe,  
Hym thought he taryed to long. 120

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,  
Thys daye let us lyve and de,  
If ever you have nede, as I have now,  
The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde, 125  
Theyr stringes were of filke ful sure,  
That they kept the stretes on every side;  
That batayle did long endure.

The fought together as brethren tru,  
Lyke hardy men and bolde, 130  
Many a man to the ground they thrue,  
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were al gon,  
Men preced to them full fast,  
They drew theyr swordes then anone, 135  
And theyr bowes from them cast.

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,  
Wyth swordes and bucklers round,  
By that it was myd of the day,  
They made mani a wound. 140

# 146 ANCIENT SONGS

There was many an out horne in Carleil Blown,  
And the belles backward dyd ryng,  
Many a woman sayde, Alas!  
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com, 145  
Wyth hym a ful great route:  
These yemen dred hym full sore,  
Of theyr lyves they stode in doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,  
With a pollaxe in hys hande; 150  
Many a strong man wyth him was,  
There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smet at Cloudeffle with his bil,  
Hys bucler he brast in two,  
Full many a yeman with great evyll, 155  
Alas! they cryed for wo.  
Kepe we the gates fast, they bad,  
That these traytours therout not go.

But al for nought was that the wrought,  
For so fast they downe were layde, 160  
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,  
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,  
Myne office I here forsake,

And



## PART THE THIRD.

**A**S they sat in Englyſhe wood,  
 Under the green-wode tre,  
 They thought they herd a woman wepe,  
 But her they mought not ſe:

Sore then fyghed the ſayre Alyce:  
 That ever I ſawe thys day!  
 For nowe is my dere husband ſlayne:  
 Alas! and wel-a-way!

Myght I have ſpoke with hys dere brethren,  
 Or with cyther of them twayne,      10  
 To ſhew to them what him befell,  
 My hart were out of payne.

Cloudeſſe walked a lytle beſide,  
 Lookt under the grene wood linde,  
 He was ware of his wife, and chyldren three,      15  
 Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then ſayde Wyllyam,  
 Under this truſti tre:  
 I wende yeſterday, by ſwete ſaynt John,  
 Thou ſhulde me never have ſe.      20

“ New

*Ver.* 19. I had wende. *P.C.*    *Ver.* 20. never had ſe. *P.C.*

“ Now well is me that ye be here,  
 My harte is out of wo.”  
 Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,  
 And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,  
 I-wis it is no bote :  
 The meate, that we must sup withall,  
 It runneth yet fast on fote.

25

Then went they downe into a launde,  
 These noble archares thre ;  
 Eche of them slew a hart of greece,  
 The best that they cold se.

30

Have here the best, Alyce my wyfe,  
 Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeffye ;  
 By cause ye so bouldly stode by me  
 When I was slayne full nye.

35

Then went they to suppere  
 Wyth fuche meate as they had,  
 And thanked God of ther fortune :  
 They were both mery and glad.

40

And when they had supped well,  
 Certayne wythouten lease,  
 Cloudeffle sayd, we wyll to our kyng,  
 To get us a charter of peace.

250      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng      45  
 In a nuncery here besyde,  
 My tow spones shall wyth her go,  
 And there they shall abyde.

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me,  
 For hym have I no care;      50  
 And he shall breng you worde agayne,  
 How that we do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,  
 As fast as they myght he,  
 Tyll they came to the kyng's pallace,      55  
 Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyng's court,  
 Unto the pallace gate,  
 Of no man wold they aske no leave,  
 But boldly went in therat.      60

They preceed prestly into the hall;  
 Of no man had they dreade:  
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,  
 And with them gan to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what would ye have?      65  
 I pray you tell to me:  
 You myght thus make offycers shent:  
 Good fyrs, of whence be ye?

Syr,

# AND BALLADS.

151

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest  
 Certayne withouten leafe, 70  
 And hether we be come to our kyng  
 To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,  
 As it was the lawe of the lande,  
 The kneled downe without lettyng, 75  
 And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we beseeche the here,  
 That ye wyll graunt us grace,  
 For we have slayne your fat falow dere  
 In many a fondry place. 80

What be your nams, then said our king,  
 Anone that you tell me?  
 They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,  
 And Wyllyam of Cloudestre.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng, 85  
 That men have tolde of to me?  
 Here to God I make an avowe,  
 Ye shal be hanged all thre.

Ye shal be dead withoute mercy,  
 As I am kyng of this lande. 90  
 He commandeth his officers every one,  
 Fast on them to lay hand.

L 4

There

There they toke these good yemen,  
 And arrested them all thre.  
 So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,  
 Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseeche you now,  
 That yee graunt us grace,  
 Infomuche as frelè to you we comen,  
 As frelè fro you to passe,

With such weapons, as we have here,  
 Tyll we be out of your place ;  
 And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,  
 We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kyng ;  
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.  
 That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,  
 If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande  
 To be your wedded wyfe,  
 The fyrst boone that I wold aske,  
 Ye would graunt it me belyfe :

And I never asked none tyll now ;  
 Then, good lorde, graunt it me.

No

# AND BALLADS.

153

Nowe aske it, madam, sayd the kyng,  
And graunted it shall be.

115

Then, good my lord, I you beseeche,

These yemen graunt ye me.

Madame, ye myght have asked a boone,

That shuld have been worth them all three, 120

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,

Parkes and forestes plente.

But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd,

Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre,

125

Your askyng graunted shal be,

But I had lever have geven you

Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman

And sayde, Lord, gramarcyè :

130

I dare undertake for them,

That true men they shal be.

But good my lord, speke som mery word,

That comfort they may se.

I graunt you grace, then sayd our king,

135

Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They

*Ver. 130. God & mercy. MS.*

154      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

They had not setten but a whyle  
 Certayne without lesynge,  
 There came messengers out of the north  
 With letters to our kyng.

And whan the came before the kyng,  
 They knelt downe on theyr kne;  
 Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,  
 Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,  
 And my sherife also?  
 Syr, they be slayne without leasyng,  
 And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng;  
 Anone thou tell to me?  
 Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,  
 And Wyllyam of Cloudestle.

Alas for rewth! then sayd our kyng;  
 My hart is wonderous fore;  
 I had lever than a thousande pounce,  
 I had knowne of thys before:

For I have graunted them grace,  
 And that forthynketh me:  
 But had I knowne all thys before,  
 They had been hanged all thre.

## A N D B A L L A D S.

\*53

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,  
Himselfe he red it tho,  
And founde how these outlawes had slain  
Thre hundred men and mo :

Fyrst the iustice, and the sheryfe,  
And the mayre of Carleile towne ;  
Of all the constables and catchipolles  
Alyve were scant left one :

165

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,  
And the sergeaunte of the law,  
And forty fosters of the fe,  
These outlawes had yslaw :

170

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere ;  
Of all they chose the best ;  
So perelous out-lawes, as they were,  
Walked not by east nor west.

175

When the kynge this letter had red,  
In harte he syghed fore :  
Take up the tables anone he bad,  
For I may eate no more.

180

The kyng called hys best archars  
To the buttes with hym to go :  
I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,  
In the north have wrought this wo.

The



156 . A N C I E N T S O N G S

The kynges bowmen buket them blyve,  
And the quenes archers also ;  
So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen,  
With them they thought to go.

There twyfe, or thryfe they shote about  
For to assay theyr hande ;  
'There was no shote these yemen shot,  
That any prycke † myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudestle,  
By him that for me dyed,  
I hold hym never no good archar,  
That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

At what a butte now wold ye shote,  
I pray thee tell to me ?  
At suche a but, fyr, he sayd,  
As men use in my countri.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,  
With his two brethèrene :  
There they set up two hasell rodde  
Full twenty score betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudestle,  
That yonder wande clevech in two.

Here

*Ver. 185. blythe. MS. † i. e. mark. Ver. 202, 203, 212,  
20. P.C. Ver. 204. Twenty score paces. P.C. i. e. 400 yards.*

# AND BALLADS.

157

Here is none fuche, sayd the kyng,  
Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, fyr, sayd Cloudeffle,  
Or that I farther go.

210

Cloudeffly with a bearyng arow  
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,  
For sothe that ever I se.

And yet for your love, sayd Wylliam,  
I wyll do more mayftry.

215

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,  
He is to me full deare ;

I wyll hym tye to a stake ;  
All shall se, that be here ;

220

And lay an apple upon hys head,  
And go fyxe score hym fro,  
And I my selfe with a brode aròw  
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,  
By hym that dyed on a tre,

225

But yf thou do not, as thou heft sayde,  
Hanged shalt thou be.

And

Ver. 222. Six score paces. P.C. i. e. 120 yards.

## 238 ANCIENT SONGS

And thou touche his head or gowne.  
 In fyght that men may se,  
 By all the fayntes that be in heaven,  
 I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,  
 That wyll I never forsake.  
 And there even before the kynge  
 In the earth he drove a stake :

And bound therto his eldest sonne,  
 And bad hym stand styll thereat ;  
 And turned the childes face him fro,  
 Because he should not ferte.

An apple upon his head he set,  
 And then his bowe he bent :  
 Syxe score paces they were out mete,  
 And thether Cloudeffle went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,  
 Hys bowe was great and longe,  
 He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
 That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,  
 That they still wold stand,  
 For he shoteth for such a wager,  
 Behoveth a stedfast hand.

*Ver. 252, fleedye. MS.*

239

235

240

245

250

*MS.*

**AND BALLADS. 159**

Muche people prayed for Cloudeffè,  
That his lyfe saved myght be,  
And whan he made hym redy to shote, 255  
There was many weping ee.

But Cloudeffè clefte the apple in twaine,  
His sonne he did not see.  
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,  
That thou shold shote at me. 260

I geve thee eightene pence a day,  
And my bowe shalt thou bere,  
And over all the north countre  
I make the chyfe rydèr.

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene, 265  
By God, and by my fay;  
Come seche thy payment when thou wylt  
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentelman  
Of clothyng, and of fe: 270  
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,  
For they are so femely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,  
Of my wyne-seller he shal be;  
And whan he commeth to mans estate, 275  
Shal better avaunced be.

And,

169      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And, Wyllym, bring to me your wife,  
 Me longeth her sore to se :  
 She shall be my chiefe gentelwoman  
 To governe my nurserye.

The yemen thanketh them curteously.  
 To some byshop wyl we wend,  
 Of all the synnes, that we have done,  
 To be affoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,  
 As fast as they might be,  
 And after came and dwelled with the kynge,  
 And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen ;  
 God send them eternall blyffe,  
 And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth,  
 That of heven they never mysse.    Amen.

II.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

*The Grave-digger's song in HAMLET, A. 5. is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though somewhat altered and disguised, probably as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakespeare's time. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, 1559, and is attributed to Lord VAUX, by Geo. Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was" "thought by some to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Poeses 1575. 4to.) Lord Vaux was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation" "lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of" "his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he sheweth the COUN-TERFAIT ACTION very lively and pleasantly." *Arte of Eng. Poese*, 1589. p. 51. See also Vol. 2. p. 45.*

I. Lothe that I did love,  
In youth that I thought swete :  
As tyme requires for my behove,  
Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave, 5  
My fancies all be fled,  
And tract of time begins to weave  
Gray heares upon my hed.

## III.

## A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICK.

*Shakespeare has made this sonnet the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his ROMEO AND JULIET. A. IV. Sc. 5. where he introduces Peter putting this Question to the Musicians.*

"PETER. . . . why "Silver Sound"? why "Musicks  
"with her silver sound"? what say you, Simon Castling?

"1. MUS. Marry, fir, because silver bath a sweet  
"sound.

"PET. Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebecke?

"2. MUS. I say, silver sound, because Musicians sound  
"for silver.

"PET. Pretty too! what say you, James Sound-post.

"3. MUS. Faith, I know not what to say.

"PET. . . . I will say for you: It is "Musicke with  
"her silver sound," because Musicians have no gold for  
"sounding."

*This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expofitors of ancient authors.*

*This copy is printed from the old quarto MS in the Cotton Library, [Fol. A. 25.] entitled "Divers things of Hen. viij's time": with some corrections from The Paradise of dainty dewies, 1596.*

WHERE

A N D B A L L A D S. 165

**W**HERE gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,  
 And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,  
 There musicke with her silver sound  
 With spede is wont to send redresse :  
 Of trobled mynds, in every fore, 5  
 Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,  
 In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites ;  
 Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,  
 By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes : 10  
 Our senses all, what shall I say more ?  
 Are subiecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have their prayse,  
 The lyfe, the soule therein doth joye ;  
 For, as the Romaine poet sayes, 15  
 In seas, whom pyrats would destroy,  
 A dolphin saved from death most sharpe  
 Arion playing on hys harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,  
 Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe ! 20  
 O musicke, whom the gods affinde  
 To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe !  
 Sense thow both man and beste doest move,  
 What beste ys he, wyll the disprove ?



## IV.

## KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID,

— is a story often alluded to by our old Dramatic Writers. Shakespeare in his *ROMEO AND JULIET*, A. II. Sc. 1. makes Mercutio say,

— “ Her [Venus’s] purblind son and heir,  
 “ Young Adam \* Cupid, be that shot so true,  
 “ When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.”

As the 13th Line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable but Shakespeare wrote it SHOT SO TRIM, which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to TRUE. The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio.

IN the 2d Part of HEN. IV. A. 5. Sc. 3. Falstaff is introduced affectedly saying to Pistol,

“ O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
 “ Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.”

These lines Bp. Warburton thinks were taken from an old bombast play of KING COPHETUA. No such play is, I believe, now to be found: but it does not therefore follow that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers †, which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any

\* See above p. 130.

† See Mares’s *Wits Treas. f.* 283. *Arte of Eng. Poef.* 1589. p. 51, 111, 143, 169.

*ist. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited at were never printed.*

*It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson ys in his Comedy of EVERY MAN in his humour, A. 3. sc. 4.*

*"I have not the heart to devour thee, an' I might be made as RICH as King Cophetua."*

*At least there is no mention of King Cophetua's RICHES in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.*

*It is printed from Rich. Johnson's "Crown Garland of Goulden Roses;" 1612. 12mo. (where it is intitled simply, SONG OF A BEGGAR AND A KING :) corrected by another copy.*

**I** Read that once in Affrica  
 A princely wight did raine,  
 Who had to name Cophetua,  
 As poets they did faine :  
 From natures lawes he did decline, 5  
 For sure he was not of my mind,  
 He cared not for women-kinde,  
 But did them all disdaine.  
 But, marke, what hapned on a day.  
 As he out of his window lay, 10  
 He saw a beggar all in gray,  
 The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,  
 From heaven downe did hie ;  
 He drew a dart and shot at him, 15  
 In place where he did lye :

Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,  
 And when he felt the arrow pricke,  
 Which in his tender heart did sticke,

He looketh as he would dye. 20

What sudden chance is this, quoth he,

That I to love must subject be,

Which never thereto would agree,

But still did it defie ?

Then from the window he did come, 25

And laid him on his bed,

A thousand heapes of care did runne

Within his troubled head :

For now he meanes to crave her love,

And now he seekes which way to proove 30

How he his fancie might remoove,

And not this beggar wed.

But Cupid had him so in snare,

That this poore begger must prepare

A false to cure him of his care, 35

Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,

He thought for to devise

How he might have her companye,

That so did 'maze his eyes. 40

In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,

For surely thou shalt be my wife ;

Or

# AND BALLADS.

169

Or else this hand with bloody knife

The Gods shall sure suffice.

Then from his bed he soon arose,

45

And to his pallace gate he goes ;

Full little then this begger knowes

When she the king espies.

The gods preserve your majesty

The beggers all gan cry :

50

Vouchsafe to give your charity

Our childrens food to buy.

The king to them his purse did cast,

And they to part it made great haste,

The silly woman was the last

55

That after them did hye.

The king he cal'd her back againe,

And unto her he gave his chaine,

And said, With us you shal remaine

Till such time as we dye ;

60

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,

And honoured for my queene ;

With thee I meane to lead my life,

As shortly shall be seene :

Our wedding shall appointed be,

65

And every thing in its degree :

Come on, quoth he, and follow me,

Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.

What

What is thy name, faire maid, quoth he ?  
 Penelophon, O king, quoth she :  
 With that she made a lowe courtfey,  
     A trim one as I weene.

70

Thus hand in hand along they walke  
 Unto the king's pallace :  
 The king with courteous comly talke  
     This begger doth imbrace :  
 The begger bluseth scarlet red,  
 And straight againe as pale as lead,  
 But not a word at all she said,  
     She was in such amaze.  
 At last she spake with trembling voyce  
 And said, O king, I doe rejoyce  
 That you wil take me for your choyce,  
     And my degree's so base.

75

80

And when the wedding day was come,  
     The king commanded strait  
 The noblemen both all and some  
     Upon the queene to wait.  
 And she behavde herself that day,  
 As if she had never walkt the way ;  
 She had forgot her gowne of gray,  
     Which she did weare of late.  
 The proverbe old is come to passe,  
 The priest, when he begins his masse,

85

90

# A N D B A L L A D S.

171

Forgets that ever clerke he was,  
He knowth not his estate.

95

Here you may read, Cophetua,  
Though long time fancie-fed,  
Compelled by the blinded boy  
The begger for to wed,  
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,  
To do the same was glad and faine,  
Or else he would himselfe have slaine,

103

In storie, as we read.  
Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,  
But pittie now thy servant heere,  
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,  
As to that king it did.

105

And thus they led a quiet life  
During their princely raine ;  
And in a tombe were buried both,  
As writers sheweth plaine.

110

The lords they tooke it grievously,  
The ladies tooke it heavily,  
The commons cryed pitiously,  
Their death to them was paine.  
Their fame did sound so passingly,  
That it did pierce the starry sky,  
And throughout all the world did flye  
To every princes realme.

115

120

TAKE

V. 105. Here the Poet addresses himself to his mistress.

V. 112. Sheweth was anciently the plur. numb.

## V.

## TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE,

*—is supposed to have been originally a Scottish Ballad. The reader has here an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional Stanza (the 2d.) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance of the Scottish Edit. Shakespear in his OTHELLO, A. 2. has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: The old MS readings are however given in the margin.*

**T**HIS winters weather waxeth cold,  
 And frost doth freeze on every hill,  
 And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,  
 That all our cattell are like to spill;  
 Bell my wife, who loves no strife, 5  
 She sayd unto me quietlie,  
 Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes life,  
 Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

## HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte 'and scorne'?  
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin: 10  
 It is so bare and overworne,  
 A cricke † he thereon cannot renn:

Then

† Perhaps tickle.

# AND BALLADS.

173

Then Ile noe longer borrow nor lend,  
 ' For once Ile new appareld bee,  
 To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,' 15  
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,  
 Shee has been alwayes true to the payle,  
 Still has helpt us to butter and cheefe, I trow,  
 And other things she will not fayle ; 20  
 I wold be loth to see her pine,  
 Good husband, counsell take of mee,  
 It is not for us to goe foe fine,  
 Then take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake, 25  
 Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,  
 But now it is not worth a groat ;  
 I have had it four and forty yeare :  
 Sometime it was of cloth in graine,  
 'Tis now but a figh-clout as you may see, 30  
 'It will neither hold out winde nor raine ;  
 Ill have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe  
 Since th' one of us the other did ken,

And



174      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And wee have had betwixt us towe      35  
 Of children either nine or ten ;  
 Wee have brought them up to women and men ;  
 In the feare of God I trow they bee ;  
 And why wilt thou thyself misken ?  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.      40

HE.

O Bell my wife, why dost thou floute !  
 Now is nowe, and then was then :  
 Seeke now all the world throughout,  
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.  
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,' 45  
 Soe farr above their owne degree :  
 Once in my liffe Ile 'doe as they,'  
 For Ill have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,  
 His breeches cost him but a crowne,      50  
 He held them sixpence all too deere ;  
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.  
 He was a wight of high renowne,  
 And thouse but of a low degree :  
 Itt's pride that putts the countrye downe,      55  
 Then take thine old cloake about thee.

*Ver. 49. King Harry. MS. Ver. 50. I trow his hose. MS.  
 Ver. 51. 12 pence. MS. Ver. 52. clowne. MS.*

HE.

HE.

‘ Bell my wife she loves not strife,  
 Yet she will lead me if she can,  
 And oft, to live a quiet life,  
 I am forced to yield, though I me good-man’: 69  
 Itt’s not for a man with a woman to threape,  
 Unlesse he first give oer the plea :  
 Where I began I now mun leave,  
 And take mine old cloake about mee.

VI.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

*It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken his song of the WILLOW, in his OTHELLO, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner,*

“ My mother had a maid call’d Barbarie :  
 She was in love ; and he, she lov’d, forsook her,  
 “ And she prov’d mad. She had a Song of WILLOW.  
 “ An old thing ’twas, but it express’d her fortune ;  
 “ And she dyed singing it.”

*This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection thus intitled, “ A Lovers complaint, being forsaken of his  
 “ love. To a pleasant tune.”*

A Poore

**A** Poore soule sat fighing under a ficamore tree,  
O willow, willow, willow !

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee;

O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland. 5

He figh'd in his fighing, and after each grone,

Come willow, &c.

I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone ;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c. 10

My love she is turned ; untrue she doth prove :

O willow, &c.

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c. 15

O pitty.me (cried he) ye lovers, each one :

O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble ; she rues not my mone.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c. 20

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace,

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face :

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c. 25

The

The mute birds fate by him, made tame by his mones :

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softned the stones.

O willow, &c.

30

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove ;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be fair ; I, to die for her love.

O willow, &c.

35

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart, that's so hard !

Sing willow, &c.

My true love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, &c.

40

Sing, O the green willow, &c.

Let Love no more boast him in palace, or bower ;

O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and fote in an houre.

O willow, &c.

45

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining ? In vaine I complaine :

O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne, and disdaine.

O willow, &c.

50

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

VOL. III.

N

Come,

Come, all you forsaken, and set down by me,  
O willow, &c,  
He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's false than he.  
O willow, &c.  
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;  
O willow, &c.  
A Garland for lovers forsaken most meete.  
O willow, &c. 60  
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

## THE SECOND PART.

**L**OWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdain,  
 O willow, willow, willow !  
 Against her too cruell, still still I complaine,  
 O willow, willow, willow !  
 O willow, willow, willow :  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart ;  
 O willow, &c.  
 To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart :  
 O willow, &c. 10  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.  
 I . O willow,

# AND BALLADS. 179

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,  
 O willow, &c.  
 A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand :  
 O willow, &c. 15  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,  
 O willow, &c.  
 So hang it, friends, ore mee in grave where I lye :  
 O willow, &c. 20  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view  
 O willow, &c.  
 Of all that doe knowe her, to blazze her untrue.  
 O willow, &c. 25  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,  
 O willow, &c.  
 "Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet."  
 O willow, &c. 30  
 Sing, O the green willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,  
 O willow, &c.  
 And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes, I prove ;  
 O willow, &c. 35  
 Sing, O the green willow, &c.

180      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

I cannot againſt her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, &c.

Cauſe once well I loved her, and honoured her name:

O willow, &c. 40

Sing, O the green willow ſhall be my garland.

The name of her founded ſo ſweete in mine eare,

O willow. &c.

It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;

O willow, &c. 45

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;

O willow, &c.

It now brings me anguiſh, then brought me reliefe.

O willow, &c. 50

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire falſe hearted : plaints end with my breath!

O willow, &c.

Thou doſt loath me, I love thee, though cauſe of my death.

O willow, willow, willow ! 55

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland.

VII.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

*This ballad is quoted in Shakespeare's second Part of HENRY IV. A. 2. sc. 4. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of K. Arthur (commonly called MORTE ARTHUR) being a poetical translation of Chap. cviii, cix, &c., in Pt. 1st. as they stand in Ed. 1634. 4to. In the later Editions the Chapters are differently numbered.—This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by the MS.*

*In the same play of 2 Hen. IV. SILENCE hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of ROBIN HOOD AND THE PINDAR OF WAKEFIELD.*

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,  
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John :  
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar  
As he fate under a thorne.

*That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is here reprinted.*

WHEN Arthur first in court began,  
And was approved king,  
By force of armes great victoryes wanne,  
And conquest home did bring.



Then into England straight he came  
With fifty good and able  
Knights, that reforted unto him,  
And were of his round table.

And many juts and turnaments,  
Wherto were many prest,  
Wherein some knights did then excell.  
And far furmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,  
Who was approved well,  
He for his deeds and feates of armes,  
All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,  
In play, and game, and sportt,  
He said he wold goe prove himselfe  
In some adventurous fort.

He armed rode in forrest wide,  
And met a damfell faire,  
Who told him of adventures great,  
Whereto he gave good care.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott :  
For that cause came I hither.  
Thou seemst, quoth she, a knight full good,  
And I will bring thee thither,

Where

# AND BALLADS.

183

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,  
That now is of great fame :  
Therefore tell me what wight thou art,  
And what may be thy name.

30

“ My name is Lancelot du Lake.”  
Quoth she, it likes me than :  
Here dwelles a knight who never was  
Yet matcht with any man :

35

Who has in prifon threefcore knights  
And four, that he did wound ;  
Knights of king Arthurs court they be,  
And of his table round.

40

She brought him to a river fide,  
And alfo to a tree,  
Whereon a copper bafon hung,  
And many fhields to fee.

He ftruck foe hard, the bafon broke ;  
And Tarquin foon he fpyed :  
Who drove a horfe before him faft,  
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

45

Sir knight, then fayd Sir Lancelòtt,  
Bring me that horfe-load hither,  
And lay him downe, and let him reft ;  
Weel try our force together.

50

N 4

For,

For, as I understand, thou haft,  
 Soe far as thou art able,  
 Done great despite and shame unto  
 The knights of the Round Table.

55

If thou be of the Table Round,  
 Quoth Tarquin speedilye,  
 Both thee and all thy fellowship  
 I utterly defye.

60

That's over much, quoth Lancelott ;  
 Defend thee by and by.  
 They sett their speares unto their steeds,  
 And each att other flye.

They coucht their speares, (their horses ran 65  
 As though there had been thunder)  
 And stricke them each amidst their shields,  
 Wherewith they broke in funder.

Their horses backes brake under them,  
 The knights were both astound : 70  
 To avoyd their horses they made haste  
 And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,  
 Their swords they drew out than,  
 With mighty strokes most eagerly 75  
 Eache at the other ran.

# AND BALLADS. 185

They wounded were, and bled full fore,  
 For breath they both did stand,  
 And leaning on their swordes awhile,  
 Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand, 80

And tell to me what I shall aske.  
 Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.  
 Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight  
 That ever I did know ;

And like a knight, that I did hate : 85  
 Soe that thou be not hee,  
 I will deliver all the rest,  
 And eke accord with thee.

That is well sayd, quoth Lancelott ;  
 But sith it must be foe, 90  
 What knight is that thou hatest thus ?  
 I pray thee to me show.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,  
 He slew my brother deere ;  
 Him I suspect of all the rest : 95  
 I would I had him here.

Thy wifh thou hast, but yet unknowne,  
 I am Lancelot du Lake,  
 Now knight of Arthurs Table Round ;  
 King Hauds son of Schuwake ; 100  
 And

186      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And I defire thee do thy worst.  
 Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,  
 One of us two shall end our lives  
 Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,                      105  
 Then welcome shalt thou bee :  
 Wherefore see thou thyself defend,  
 For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together so,  
 Like unto wild boares rushing,                      110  
 And with their swords and shields they ran  
 At one another flashing :

The ground besprinkled was with blood :  
 Tarquin began to yield,  
 For he gave backe for wearinesse,                      115  
 And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,  
 He leapt upon him then,  
 He pull'd him downe upon his knee,  
 And rushing off his helm,                      120

Forthwith he stricke his necke in two,  
 And, when he had soe done,  
 From prision threescore knights and four  
 Delivered everye one.

VIII. CORYDON'S

## VIII.

## CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO PHILLIS

—is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in *Shakespeare's TWELFTH-NIGHT*, *A. 2. sc. 3.*—It is found in a little ancient miscellany intitled, "*The golden Garland of princely delights.*" 12mo. bl. let.

In the same scene of the *Twelfth Night*, SIR TOBY sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the *Pepys Collection*. [*Vol. 1. p. 33. 496.*] but is so poor a performance, that it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza :

## THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

There dwelt a man in Babylon  
 Of reputation great by fame,  
 He took to wife a faire woman,  
 Susanna she was callde by name ;  
 A woman fair and vertuous ;  
 Lady, lady :  
 Why should we not of her learn thus  
 To live godly ?

*If this song of CORYDON, &c. has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.*

FAREWELL,

# ANCIENT SONGS

**F**AREWELL, dear love; since thou wilt needs begone,  
Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.

**Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie**

There be many mo, though that she doe goe.

There be many mo, I fear not :

Why then let her goe, I care not.

**Farewell, farewell ; since this I find is true.**

**I will not spend more time in wooing you :**

**But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there :**

Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?

Shall I bid her goe and spare not ?

O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell ;—yet stay a while :—

Sweet, kiss me once ; sweet kisses time beguile :

I have no power to move. How now am I in love? 15

Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.

Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!

Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adicu, I fee loath to depart

Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart. 20

But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,

Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.

Goe thy ways for me. But whither?

Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

## What

What shall I doe? my love is now departed. 25  
 She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.  
 She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated.  
 If she come no more, shall I die therefore?  
 If she come no more, what care I?  
 Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry. 30

IX.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

*In the "LIFE OF POPE SIXTUS V. translated from the Italian of Greg. LETI, by the Rev. Mr. Farneworth, folio," is a remarkable passage to the following effect,*

"IT was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and  
 "plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an  
 "immense booty. This account came in a private letter to  
 "Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city,  
 "who had large concerns in those parts, which he had in-  
 "sured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer  
 "Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it.  
 "The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report  
 "thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly  
 "be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion.  
 "that he said, I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lye.  
 "Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay  
 "you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that  
 "it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles  
 "were immediately executed betwixt them, That if Secchi  
 "won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife  
 "from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The  
 "truth





sioned in Steph. Gosson's *SCHOOLE OF ABUSE* †, which was printed in that year.

As for *Shakespeare's* *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, the earliest edition known of it is in quarto 1600; though it had been exhibited before the year 1598, being mentioned together with eleven other of his plays in *Meres's WITS TREASURY* &c. 1598. 12mo. fol. 282.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the *Pepys Collection* †, intitled, "*A new Song, shewing the crueltie of GERNUTUS, a JEW, who lending to a merchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleſhe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and yellow.*"

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe  
A cruel Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie,  
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew, 5  
Which never thought to dye,  
Nor never yet did any good  
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,  
That liveth many a day, 10  
Yet never once doth any good,  
Until men will him slay.

Or

† *Warton, ubi supra.* † *Compared with the Ashmole Copy.*

Or like a filthy heap of dung,  
That lyeth in a whoard;  
Which never can do any good,  
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,  
He cannot sleep in rest,  
For feare the thiefe will him pursue  
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,  
How to deceive the poore;  
His mouth is almost full of mucke,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,  
For every weeke a penny,  
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,  
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,  
Or else you loose it all :

*Ver. 32. Her Cow, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakesp  
SHYLOCK's argument for usury taken from Jacob's manage  
of Laban's sheep, Act 1. to which ANTONIO replies,*

*"Was this inserted to make interest good?"*

*"Or are your gold and silver EWES and rams?"*

*"SHY. I cannot tell, I make it BREED AS FAST."*

This was the living of the wife,  
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time  
A marchant of great fame,  
Which being distressed in his need, 35  
Unto Gernutus came :

Desiring him to stand his freind  
For twelve month and a day,  
To lend to him an hundred crownes :  
And he for it would pay 40

Whatsoever he would demand of him,  
And pledges he should have.  
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes)  
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it 45  
For one yeare you shall pay ;  
You may doe me as good a turne,  
Before my dying day.

VOL. III. O But

*Ver. 35. Shakespear has finely improved this, by making the merchant's motive for borrowing to be not on account of his own necessities, but for the service of his friend. Which at the same time that it raises his character, becomes conducive to the general good. See the Counsellor. ubi supra.*

But we will have a merry joust,  
 For to be talkid long :  
 You shall make me a bond, quoth he,  
 That shall be large and strong :

50

And this shall be the forfeiture ;  
 Of your owne fleshe a pound,  
 If you agree, make you the bond,  
 And here is a hundred crownces.

55

With right good will ! the merchant says :  
 And so the bond was made.  
 When twelve month and a day drew on  
 That backe it should be paid,

60

The marchants ships were all at sea,  
 And money came not in ;  
 Which way to take, or what to doe  
 To thinke he doth begin :

And to Gernutus strait he comes  
 With cap and bended knee,  
 And sayde to him, Of curtesie  
 I pray you beare with mee.

65

My day is come, and I have not  
 The money for to pay :  
 And little good the forfeiture  
 Will doe you, I dare say.

70

With

## A N D B A L L A D S. 195

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,  
 Commaund it to your minde :  
 In thinges of bigger waight then this 75  
 You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way ; the day once past  
 Gernutus doth not slacke  
 To get a fergiant presently ;  
 And clapt him on the backe : 80

And layd him into prison strong,  
 And sued his bond withall ;  
 And when the judgement day was come,  
 For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast, 85  
 With many a weeping eye,  
 For other means they could not find,  
 But he that day must dye.

### THE SECOND PART,

*‘ Of the Jews crueltie ; setting forth the mercifulnesse of  
 the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of Blacke  
 and yellow.’*

SOME offered for his hundred crownes  
 Five hundred for to pay ;  
 And some a thousand, two or three,  
 Yet still he did denay.

O 2

And

And at the last ten thousand crownes  
They offered, him to save.  
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold,  
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,  
And that shall be my hire.  
Then sayd the judge, Yet good my friend,  
Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,  
As yet you let him live :  
Do so, and lo ! an hundred crownes  
To thee here will I give.

No : no : quoth he, no : judgment here :  
For this it shall be tride,  
For I will have my pound of fleshe  
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie  
His crueltie to see,  
For neither friend nor foe could helpe  
But he must spoyled bee,

The bloudie Jew now ready is  
With whetted blade in hand,  
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,  
By forfeit of his bond.

And

# AND BALLADS.

197

And as he was about to strike  
 In him the deadly blow : 30  
 Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie ;  
 I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,  
 Which is of flesh a pound :  
 See that thou shed no drop of blood, 35  
 Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,  
 Thou here shalt hanged be :  
 Likewise of flesh see that thou cut  
 No more than tonges to thee : 40

For if thou take either more or lesse  
 To the value of a mite,  
 Thou shalt be hanged presently  
 As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantie mad, 45  
 And wotes not what to say ;  
 Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,  
 I will that he shall pay ;

And so I graunt to set him free.  
 The judge doth answere make ; 50  
 You shall not have a penny given ;  
 Your forfeiture now take.



At the last he doth demaund  
 But for to have his owne.  
 No, quoth the judge, doe as you list, 55  
 Thy judgement shall be showane.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,  
 Or cancell me your bond.  
 O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew, .  
 That doth against me stand! 60

And so with griping grieved mind  
 He biddeth them fare-well.  
 'Then' all the people pray s'd the Lord,  
 That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song, 65  
 For trueth I dare well say,  
 That many a wretch as ill as hee  
 Doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle  
 Of many a wealthey man, 70  
 And for to trap the innocent  
 Deviseth what they can,

From whome the Lord deliver me,  
 And every Christian too,  
 And send to them like sentence eke 75  
 That meaneth so to do.

*Ver. 61. griped. Ast.mol. copy.*

X

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

*This beautiful sonnet is quoted in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, A. 3. sc. 1. and is ascribed (together with the REPLY) to Shakespeare himself by all the modern editors of his smaller poems. In Lintot's COLLECTION of them, 12mo (no date) is a copy of this sonnet containing only four stanzas (the 4th. and 6th. being wanting), accompanied with the first stanza of the Answer. This edition has some appearance of exactness, and is affirmed to be reprinted from an ancient copy, containing "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, and SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE, by "MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. LOND. printed for "W. JAGGARD. 1599."—If this may be relied on, then was this sonnet, &c. published, as Shakespeare's in his Life time.*

*And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakespeare, but) CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, wrote the song, and Sir WALTER RALEGH the "Nymph's reply:" For so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his COMPLEAT ANGLER†, under the character of "that smooth song, "which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at least fifty "years ago; and . . . an Answer to it, which was made "by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. . . . Old- "fashioned poetry but choicely good."—It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries, for the editor of the "Muses Library," has reprinted a poem from EN-*

O 4

GLAND'S

† First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.

OLAND? HELICON, 1600, subscribed I  
intituled, "In Imitation of C. Marlowe,"

"COME live with me and be my love  
"And we will rovet all the year,  
"In plains and groves, &c."

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them  
and RALEIGH; notwithstanding the author  
speare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known  
took no care of his own compositions, so was  
gardeless what spurious things were fathered upon  
JOHN OLDCASTLE, PERICLES, and the L  
DIGAL, were printed with his name at full  
title-pages, while he was living, which yet were  
rejected by his first editors HEMINGE and CO  
were his intimate friends †, and therefore an a  
authority for setting them aside.

The following sonnet appears to have been (as  
a great favourite with our earlier poets: of  
imitation above-mentioned, another is to be  
DONNE's poems, intituled "The Bait," begins:

"COME live with me, and be my love  
"And we will some new pleasures prove  
"Of golden sands, &c."

As for CHR. MARLOW, who was in high  
Dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab  
brothel, before the year 1593. See A. Wood, L.

LIVE with me, and be my love,  
And we wil all the pleasures prove  
That hils and vallies, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

† He mentions them both in his will.

## AND BALLADS.

201

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

5

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle ;

10

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

15

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

20

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning :  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love,

### THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

**I**F that the World and Love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

These

These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yield :  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joyes no date, nor age no need ;  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

## XI.

## TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT.

*The reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject as the play of TITUS ANDRONICUS, and there is no doubt, that one was borrowed from the other : which of them was original it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the argument offered above in p. 190 for the priority of the ballad of THE QUEEN OF VENICE be admitted as conclusive, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here ; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple Ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive Tragedian. In the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the chief treatment of TITUS afterwards the more flat : neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play Titus loses one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Turnus to carry off Lavinia : the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the emperor's Son : in the play to his Brother. In the tragedy Two of his sons fall into the pit, and the Third being freed returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house : in the ballad all Three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene the Emperor kills Titus, and is returned stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the Emperor, and afterwards himself.*

*Let*

Let the Reader weigh these circumstances and some others wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself.—After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him, for not to mention that the stile is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Introduction to Ben Jonson's BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty, or thirty" years: which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date, than can be found for any other of his pieces †: and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt.

The following is given from a Copy in "The Golden Garland" intitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled "The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus," &c.—To the tune of Fortune.—Unluckily none of these have any dates.

**Y**OU noble minds, and famous martiall wights,  
That in defence of native country fights,  
Give care to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,  
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,      5  
My name beloved was of all my peeres;  
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,  
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

For

† The earliest known, is KING JOHN in two parts 1591. 4to. bl. let. This play he afterwards intirely new wrote, as we now know it.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,  
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent; 10  
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre  
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

Iust two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine  
Before we did returne to Rome againe:  
Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three 15  
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,  
And did present my prisoners to the king,  
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a moore,  
Which did such murders, like was nere before. 20

The emperour did make this queene his wife,  
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife,  
The moore, with her two sonnes did growe foe proud,  
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The moore foe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie, 25  
That she consented to him secretly  
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,  
And foe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,  
Consented with the moore of bloody minde 30  
Against my selfe, my kin, and all my friendes,  
In cruell sort to bring them to their ends.

See



206      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,  
Both care and griefe began then to increase :  
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright;  
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged fight :

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than  
To Cefars sonne, a young and noble man :  
Who in a hunting by the emperours wife,  
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life. .

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wife,  
Into a darksome den from light of skies :  
The cruell moore did come that way as then  
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The moore then fetcht the empetour with speed,  
For to accuse them of that murderous deed ;  
And when my sonnes within the den were found,  
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold ! what wounded most my mind,  
The empreses two sonnes of savage kind  
My daughter ravished without remorse,  
And tooke away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,  
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sowre,  
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell  
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

# AND BALLADS. 207

1 both her hands they basely cutt off quite  
 reby their wickednesse she could not write,  
 with her needle on her sampler sowe  
 bloudye workers of her direfull woe. 60

brother Marcus found her in the wood,  
 ring the grassie ground with purple bloud,  
 t trickled from her stumpes, and bloudlesse armes :  
 tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

when I sawe her in that woefull case, 65  
 1 teares of bloud I wet mine aged face :  
 my Lavinia I lamented more,  
 a for my two and twenty sonnes before.

n as I sawe she could not write nor speake,  
 1 grieffe mine aged heart began to breake ; 70  
 spred an heape of sand upon the ground,  
 reby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

with a staffe without the helpe of hand,  
 writt these wordes upon the plat of sand :  
 he lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse 75  
 re doers of this hateful wickednesse."

e the milk-white hairs from off mine head,  
 rst the houre, wherein I first was bred,  
 fht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,  
 radle rockt, had first been stroken lame. 80  
 The

# 208    A N C I E N T   S O N G S

The moore delighting still in villainy,  
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free  
I should unto the king my right hand give,  
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,  
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,  
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,  
And for their ransome fend my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,  
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,  
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,  
Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then pass reliefe I upp and downe did goe,  
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe :  
I shot my arrowes † towards heaven hie,  
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,  
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad,  
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)  
To undermine and heare what I would say.

100  
I fed

† If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that in the Psalms, "They shot out their arrowes, even bitter words." Ps. 64. 3.

I fed their foolish veines † a certaine space,  
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,  
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,  
And just revenge in cruell fort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan 105  
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran :  
And then I ground their bones to powder small,  
And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,  
And at a banquet servde in stately wise : 110  
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat ;  
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,<sup>1</sup>  
The empresse then I slewe with bloody knife,  
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie, 115  
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found  
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,  
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd :  
And soe God send all murderers may be se,v'd. 120

† i. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies.

## XII.

## TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

*The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic† justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakespeare's MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 4. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaum. and Fletcher's BLOODY BROTHER, A. 5. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakespeare's smaller Poems, but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him; their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakespeare's SONNETS reprinted by Lintot.*

TAKE, oh take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworne;  
And those eyes, the breaké of day,  
Lights, that do misleade the morne :  
But my kisses bring againe, 5  
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,  
Which thy frozen bosom beares,  
On whose tops the pinkes that growe,  
Are of those that April wears : 10  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

## XIII. KING

† Bp. Warb. in his *Shakesp.*

## XIII.

## KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

*The Reader has here an ancient ballad on the Subject of KING LEAR, which (as a sensible female critic has well observed †) bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakespeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain, that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles ‡ do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters: In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide.—The misfortune is that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within, this the Reader must weigh and judge for himself.—After all, 'tis possible that Shakespeare and the author of this ballad might both of them be indebted to a more ancient dramatic Writer. For that an older play of KING LEIR had been exhibited before Shakespeare wrote, and is even still extant in print, I am assured upon undoubted authority, tho' I have not been so lucky as to obtain a sight of it.*

*This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland" bl. let. intitled, "A lamentable song of the Death of King Leir, and his three daughters. To the Tune of "When flying fame."*

† Shakespeare illustrated, Vol. 3. p. 302.

‡ See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingshed, &c. who relate Leir's history in many respects the same as the ballad.

212      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

**K**ING Leir once ruled in this land,  
 With princely power and peace,  
 And had all things with hearts content,  
     That might his joys increafe :  
 Amongst those things that nature gave,  
     Three daughters fair had he,  
 So princely seeming beautiful,  
     As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king  
     A question thus to move,  
 Which of his daughters to his grace  
     Could shew the dearest love :  
 For to my age you bring content,  
     Quoth he, then let me hear  
 Which of you three in plighted troth,  
     The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began,  
     Dear father, mind, quoth she,  
 Before your face, to do you good,  
     My blood shall render'd be :  
 And for your sake my bleeding heart  
     Shall here be cut in twain,  
 Ere that I see your reverend age  
     The smallest grief sustain.

And

# A N D B A L L A D S.

213

And so will I, the second said :

25

Dear father, for your sake,  
The worst of all' extremities  
I'll gently undertake ;

And serve your highness night and day

With diligence and love ;

30

That sweet content and quietness ;

Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,

The aged king reply'd ;

But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,

35

How is thy love ally'd ?

My love (quoth young Cordelia then)

Which to your grace I owe,

Shall be the duty of a child,

And that is all I'll show.

40

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,

Than doth thy duty bind ?

I well perceive thy love is small,

When as no more I find :

Henceforth I banish thee my court,

45

Thou art no child of mine ;

Nor any part of this my realm ;

By favour shall be thine.



Thy elder sisters loves are more  
 Than well I can demand, 50  
 To whom I equally bestow  
 My kingdom and my land ;  
 My pompal state and all my goods,  
 That lovingly I may  
 With those thy sisters be maintain'd 55  
 Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,  
 By these two sisters here :  
 The third had causeless banishment,  
 Yet was her love more dear : 60  
 For poor Cordelia patiently  
 Went wandering up and down,  
 Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,  
 Through many an English town :

Untill at last in famous France 65  
 She gentler fortunes found ;  
 Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd  
 The fairest on the ground :  
 Where when the king her virtues heard,  
 And this fair lady seen, 70  
 With full consent of all his court  
 He made his wife and queen.

Her

## AND BALLADS.

215

Her father 'old' king Lear this while  
With his two daughters flaid,  
Forgetful of their promis'd loves, 75  
Full soon the same decay'd,  
And living in queen Ragan's court,  
The eldest of the twain,  
She took from him his chiefest means,  
And most of all his train. 80

For whereas twenty men were wont  
To wait with bended knee :  
She gave allowance but to ten,  
And after scarce to three :  
Nay, one she thought too much for him, 85  
So took she all away,  
In hope that in her court, good king,  
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,  
In giving all I have 90  
Unto my children, and to beg  
For what I lately gave ?  
I'll go unto my Gonorell ;  
My second child, I know,  
Will be more kind and pitiful, 95  
And will relieve my woe.

216      A N C I E N T   S O N

Full fast he hies then to her court ;  
Where when she heard his moan  
Return'd him answer, That she grie  
That all his means were gone :  
But no way could relieve his wants ;  
Yet if that he would stay  
Within her kitchen, he should have  
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter te  
He made his answer then ;  
In what I did let me be made  
Example to all men.  
I will return again, quoth he,  
Unto my Ragan's court ;  
She will not use me thus, I hope,  
But in a kinder fort.

Where when he came, she gave con  
To drive him thence away :  
When he was well within her court  
(She said) he would not stay.  
Then back again to Gonorell,  
The woeful king did hie,  
That in her kitchen he might have  
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,  
Which she had promis'd late:  
For once refusing, he should not  
Come after to her gate.

Thus twixt his daughters, for relief 125  
He wandred up and down ;  
Being glad to feed on beggars food,  
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then  
His youngest daughters words, 130  
That said the duty of a child  
Was all that love affords :  
But doubting to repair to her,  
Whom he had banish'd so,  
Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind 135  
He bore the wounds of woe :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,  
And tresses from his head,  
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,  
With age and honour spread : 140  
To hills and woods and watry founts,  
He made his hourly moan,  
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,  
Did seem to sigh and groan.

## AND BALLADS.

219

But when he heard Cordelia's death,  
 Who died indeed for love 170  
 Of her dear father, in whose cause  
 She did this battel move ;  
 He swooning fell upon her breast,  
 From whence he never parted :  
 But on her bosom left his life, 175  
 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw  
 The end of these events,  
 The other sisters unto death  
 They doomed by consents : 180  
 And being dead, their crowns they left  
 Unto the next of kin :  
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,  
 And disobedient sin.

## XIV.

### YOUTH AND AGE,

— is found in the little collection of *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, intitled the *PASSIONATE PILGRIME* †, the greatest  
 of which seem to relate to the amours of *Venus and Adonis*,

† See above, page 199.

*Adonis, being little effusion of fancy, probably written, either in our country or in larger Poem on that subject. The following poem, intended for the mouth of Tasso, comparing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Faustus. In the "Garland of good will," it is repeated, with the addition of D. more Jack Falstaff, but evidently written by a heavier pen.*

### CRAEED Age and Youth

Cannot live together ;

Youth is full of pietyance,

Age is full of care :

Youth like summer morn,

Age like winter weather,

Youth like summer leave,

Age like winter have :

Youth is full of sport,

Age's breath is short ;

Youth is nimble, Age is lame :

Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold ;

Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

Age, I do adore thee,

Youth, I do adore thee,

O, my love, my love is young :

Age, I do dese thee ;

O sweet shepherd, hie thee,

For methinks thou stays too long.

## XV.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S  
GOOD FORTUNE.

*The following ballad is upon the same subject, with the INDUCTION to Shakespeare's TAMING OF THE SHREW: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.*

*The story is told † of PHILIP the GOOD, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer. "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugall at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter, when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortified, as he was was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he awakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuaded him that he was some great Duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and*

*"ail*

† By Ludov. Vives in *Epist. & Pont. Heut. Rerum Burgund.* lib. 4.

## 222 ANCIENT SONGS

"all the rest of some court-lies gives her : but late at night  
 " went to some room to sleep, and again fast asleep, they  
 " as he was sleeping, and he conveyed him to the place, where  
 " they first found him. Now the fellows had not made this  
 " as he had said the day before, as he did now, when he  
 " turned to his life : all the jest was to see how he held  
 " upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the  
 " poets were told his friends he had seen a vision ; constantly  
 " believed it ; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the  
 " jest ceased." Burton's *Anatomy of melancholy*. Pt. 2.  
 sec. 2. Memb. 4. 2d. Ed. 1624. fol.

This ballad is given from a black letter in the Pepys Collection, which is intitled as above, "To the tune of, Paddy."

**N**OW as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,  
 One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:  
 But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,  
 Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:  
 A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground, 5  
 As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,  
 Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.  
 O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd  
 To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd : 10  
 Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes and hose,  
 And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,  
 They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt :

On



On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown, 15  
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown :  
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,  
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,  
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait : 20  
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,  
He desir'd to know what apparel he'd ware :  
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,  
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,  
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute ; 26  
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,  
And it seem'd for to swell him ' no' little with pride ;  
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife ?  
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life. 30

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace,  
Did observe his behaviour in every case.  
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,  
Trumpets sounding before him : thought he this is great :  
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view, 35  
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was dress'd, both for him and his guests,  
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,

In

## 224      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

In a rich chair ' or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,  
 With a rich golden canopy over his head :  
 As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,  
 With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,  
 Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.  
 Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl, 45  
 Till at last he began for to tumble and roul  
 From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,  
 Being seven times drunker then ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him again,  
 And restore him his old leather garments again :      50  
 'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,  
 And they carry'd him strait where they found him at first;  
 Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might,  
 But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory ' to him' so pleasant did seem,      55  
 That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream ;  
 Till at length being brought to the duke, where he fought  
 For a pardon as fearing he had set him at nought ;  
 But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,  
 Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.      60

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,  
 Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak ;  
 Nay,

Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,  
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,  
Crying old brags to mend, for I'll be thy good friend, 65  
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchefs attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride  
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?  
Must we have gold and land e'ry day at command?  
Then I shall be a squire I well understand : 70  
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,  
I was never before in so happy a case.

XVI.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

*Dispersed thro' Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the intire copies of which, could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together and form them into a little TALE, which is here submitted to the Reader's candour.*

*One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.*

**I**T was a friar of orders gray,  
 Walkt forth to tell his beades;  
 And he met with a lady faire,  
 Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Chrift thee fave, thou reverend friar,  
 I pray thee tell to me,  
 If ever at yon holy shrine  
 My true love thou didft fee.

And how fhould I know your true love,  
 From many another one?  
 O by his cockle hat, and ftaff,  
 And by his fandal shoone †.

But chiefly by his face and mien,  
 That were fo fair to view;  
 His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,  
 And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!  
 Lady, he's dead and gone!  
 And at his head a green grafs turfe,  
 And at his heels a ftone.

20  
 Within

† *These are the distinguishing marks of a pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle shells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their pilgrimage. Warb. Shakefp. Vol. 8. p. 224.*

Within these holy cloysters long  
He languisht, and he dyed,  
Lamenting of a ladyes love,  
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier  
Six proper youths and tall,  
And many a tear bedew'd his grave  
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

25

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !  
And art thou dead and gone !  
And didst thou dye for love of me !  
Break, cruel heart of stone !

30

O weep not, lady, weep not for ;  
Some ghostly comfort seek :  
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,  
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

35

O do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrow now reprove ;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth,  
That e'er wan ladyes love.

40

And now, alas ! for thy sad loss;  
I'll evermore weep and sigh ;  
For thee I only wish to live,  
For thee I wish to dye.

Q 2

Weep

## 228      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
 Thy sorrowe is in vaine :  
 For violets pluckt the sweetest showers  
 Will ne'er make grow againe.

45

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,  
 Why then should sorrow last ?  
 Since grief but aggravates thy losse,  
 Grieve not for what is past.

50

O say not foe, thou holy friar ;  
 I pray thee, say not foe :  
 For since my true-love dyed for mee,  
 'Tis meet my tears should flow.

55

And will he ne'er come again ?  
 Will he ne'er come again ?  
 Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,  
 For ever to remain.

60

His cheek was redder than the rose,  
 The comliest youth was he :—  
 But he is dead and laid in his grave :  
 Alas, and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceivers ever :  
 One foot on sea and one on land,  
 To one thing constant never.

65

Hadst

# AND BALLADS. 229

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
 And left thee sad and heavy ; 70  
 For young men ever were fickle found,  
 Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
 I pray thee say not soe :  
 My love he had the truest heart ; 75  
 O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,  
 And didst thou dye for mee ?  
 Then farewell home ; for, ever-more  
 A pilgrim I will bee. 80

But first upon my true-loves grave  
 My weary limbs I'll lay,  
 And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,  
 That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile 85  
 Beneath this cloyster wall :  
 See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,  
 And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;  
 O stay me not I pray : 90  
 No drizzly rain that falls on me,  
 Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
 And dry those pearly tears ;  
 For see beneath this gown of gray  
 Thy own true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,  
 These holy weeds I fought ;  
 And here amid these lonely walls  
 To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace †  
 Is not yet past away,  
 Might I still hope to win thy love,  
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy  
 Once more unto my heart :  
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
 We never more will part.

† *The year of probation, or noviciate.*

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK,





A P O C R Y P H  
SONGS AND BALLADS,

&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.  
BOOK III.

I.  
THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF  
CHEVY CHACE.

*At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original  
of CHEVY CHACE. The reader has here the more  
revised edition of that fine Heroic ballad. It will afford  
an*

Q 4

an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For tho' he has every where improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction: yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsolescence of the stile serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant *Witherington* is in the modern copy expressed in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related in a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect: See the stanza in pag. 14. which in modern orthography, &c. would run thus,

"For *Witherington* my heart is woe,

"That ever he slain should be:

"For when his legs were hewn in two,

"He knelt and fought upon his knee."

So again the stanza which describes the fall of *Montgomery* is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy,

"The dint it was both sad and sore,

"He on *Montgomery* set:

"The swan-feathers his arrow bore

"With his heart's blood were wet." p. 13.

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; whilst the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset, (p. 9.) is to the following effect.

"The

"The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being over-ruled: the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy: but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this: whereas the modern copy, tho' in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. "Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the BENT," evidently signifies, "yet the earl Douglas abides in the FIELD:" Whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by BENT, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject,

"To drive the deer with bound and horn

"Earl Douglas had the bent."

†. 109.

ONE may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either: tho' he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

"Of fifteen hundred archers of England

"Went away but fifty and three,

"Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,

"But even five and fifty."

p. 14.

He

*He attributes FLIGHT to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to FLEE; some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an Edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed,*

"Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears

"Went bame but fifty three:

"Of twenty hundred Englishmen

"Scarce fifty five did flee."

*And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 241. and ver. 249. — From this Edition I have reformed the Scottish names in pag. 244. which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.*

*When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so, for that it could not be written much later than the time of Q. Elizabeth, I think may be well appear, nor yet does it seem to be older than the latter end of her reign. Sir Philip Sidney when he complains of the antiquated phrase of CHEVY CHACE, could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time appears from the phrase DOLEFUL DUMPS: which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above p. 164, 5: Yet in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. See Hudibras, Pt. 1. c. 3. v. 95.*

*'Tis much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison.† With regard to*

† In the Spectator. No. 70. 74.

*Object: it has already been considered in page 3d. The  
 Acres there offered will receive confirmation from a passage  
 in the Memoirs of Cary Earl of Monmouth, 8vo. 1759.  
 55. Whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with  
 borderers of the two kingdoms when they were at peace,  
 and to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave  
 went within their districts. If leave was granted, then to-  
 wards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several  
 together "with their GREY-HOUNDS FOR DEER:" but  
 they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of  
 border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport  
 'chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance  
 it happened while he was Warden when some Scots Gen-  
 tlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have en-  
 dured such an action as this of Chevy Chase, if the intruders  
 had been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for upon  
 his being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some  
 hurt was done, tho' he had given especial order that they  
 should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect  
 empowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their  
 promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.  
 The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio  
 1, compared with two or three others printed in black letter.  
 In the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may be found  
 a translation of Chevy Chase into Latin Rhymes. The trans-  
 lator, Mr. Henry Bold of New College, undertook it at the  
 command of Dr. Compton, bishop of London; who thought it no  
 degradation to his episcopal dignity, to avow a fondness for this  
 excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs,  
 35. 8vo.*

GOD prosper long our noble king,  
 Our lives and safeties all;  
 A woful hunting once there did  
 In Chevy-Chace befall;

To

236      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
 Earl Percy took his way ;  
 The child may rue that is unborne,  
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
 A vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
 Three summers days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chew-Chace  
 To kill and beare away.  
 These tydings to Earl Douglas came,  
 In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Percy present word,  
 He wold prevent his sport.  
 The English earl not fearing this,  
 Did to the woods resort ;

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,  
 All chofen men of might,  
 Who knew full well in time of neede,  
 To aime their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,  
 To chase the fallow-deere :  
 On Monday they began to hunt,  
 Ere day-light did appeare ;

And

**A N D B A L L A D S. 237**

And long before high noone they had  
An hundred fat buckes slaine ; 30  
Then having din'd, the drovers went  
To rouze them up againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure ;  
Theire backfides all, with speciall care, 35  
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deere to take,  
And with their cryes the hills and dales  
An eccho shrill did make. 40

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the tender deere ;  
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meete me heere :

But if I thought he would not come, 45  
No longer wold I stay.  
With that, a brave younge gentleman  
Thus to the earle did fay ;

Loe yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright ; 50  
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares  
All marching in our fight ;

All

238      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

All men of pleasant Tivydale,  
Fast by the river Tweede :  
Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,  
And take your bowes with speede :

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For never ~~was~~ there champion yet,  
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a speare:

Earl Douglas on a milke-white steede  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold :

Show me, sayd he, whose men you bee,  
That hunt foe boldly heere,  
That, without my consent, doe chafe  
And kill my fallow-deere ?

The man that first did answer make,  
Was noble Percy hee ;  
Who sayd, We list not to declare,  
Nor shew whose men wee bee :



# AND BALLADS.

239

Yet will wee spend our deereft blood,  
 Thy cheefest harts to flay.  
 Then Douglas swore a folemne oathe,  
 And thus in rage did fay,

80

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,  
 One of us two shall dye :  
 I know thee well, an earl thou art ;  
 Lord Percy foe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,  
 And great offence to kill  
 Any of these our harmlesse men,  
 For they have done no ill.

85

Let thou and I the battell trye,  
 And fet our men aside.  
 Accurs'd bee hee, Lord Percy fayd,  
 By whome this is denyed.

90

Then slept a gallant squire forth,  
 Witherington was his name,  
 Who said, I wold not have it told  
 To Henry our king for shame,

95

That e'er my captaine fought on foote,  
 And I stood looking on.  
 You bee two earls, sayd Witherington,  
 And I a squire alone :

100

240      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

He doe the best that doe I may,  
 While I have power to stand :  
 While I have pow'r to weeld my sword.  
 He fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,  
 Their hearts were good and trew ;  
 At the first flight of arrowes sent,  
 Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
 Earl Douglas had the bent ;  
 Two captaines mov'd with mickle pride,  
 Their speares to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on everye side,  
 Noe slackness there was found ;  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay gasping on the ground.

O Chrif ! it was a grieve to see,  
 And likewise for to heare,  
 The cries of men lying in their gore,  
 And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earles did meet,  
 Like captaines of great might ;  
 Like Lyons wood, they layd on load,  
 And made a cruell fight :

# AND BALLADS. 241

They fought untill they both did sweat, 125  
 With swords of temper'd steele;  
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
 They trickling downe did feele.

Yield thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd;  
 In faith I will thee bring, 130  
 Where thou shalt high advanced bee  
 By James our Scottish king:

Thy ranfome I will freely give,  
 And thus report of thee,  
 Thou art the most couragious knight, 135  
 That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,  
 Thy proffer I doe scorne;  
 I will not yelde to any Scott,  
 That ever yet was borne. 140

With that, there came an arrow keene  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which stricke Earl Douglas to the heart,  
 A deepe and deadlie blow:

Who never spoke more words then these, 145  
 Fight on, my merry men all;  
 For why, my life is at an end;  
 Lord Percy sees my fall.

Vol. III.

R

Then

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand ;  
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed,  
With sorrow for thy sake ;  
For sure, a more renowned knight  
Misfortune did never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,  
Which saw Earl Douglas dye,  
Who freight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,  
Who, with a speare most bright,  
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,  
Without all dread or feare ;  
And thro' Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hatefull speare ;

With such a vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The speare went through the other side  
A large cloth-yard, and more.

# AND BALLADS. 243

So thus did both these nobles dye,  
 Whose courage none cold flaine :  
 An English archer then perceiv'd 175  
 The noble earl was flaine ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
 Made of a trusty tree ;  
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
 Up to the head drew hee : 180

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery,  
 So right the shaft he sett,  
 The grey goose-wing that was thereon,  
 In his hearts blood was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day, 185  
 Till setting of the sun ;  
 For when they rung the evening-bell,  
 The battel scarce was done.

With brave Earl Percy, there was flaine  
 Sir John of Ogerton \*, 190  
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
 Sir James that bold baron :

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,  
 Both knights of good account,  
 Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was flaine, 195  
 Whose prowesse did surmount.

R 2

For

\* The names here seem to be corrupted from the old Copy.

## ANCIENT SONGS

For Witherington needs must I wayle,  
As one in doleful dumpes \* ;  
For when his leggs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps. 20

And with Earl Douglas, there was slaine  
Sir Hugh Mountgomery;  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld  
One foote would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too, 1  
His sisters sonne was hee ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
Yet saved cold not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Earl Douglas dye :  
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,  
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred English men,  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,  
Under the green woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,  
Their husbands to bewayle ; 7

\* i. e. " I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The con-  
tion here has generally been misunderstood.

# A N D B A L L A D S. 245

They washt their wounds in brinish teares,  
But all wold not prevayle. 220

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,  
They bare with them away ;  
They kift them dead a thousand times,  
When they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenborrow, 225  
Where Scotlands king did rayne,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenlye  
Was with an arrow flaine :

O heavy newes, King James did fay,  
Scotland can witnesse bee, 230  
I have not any captaine more  
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland 235  
Was flaine in Chevy-Chafe :

Now God be with him, said our king,  
Sith it will no better bee ;  
I trust I have, within my realme,  
Five hundred as good as hee : 240

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland fay,  
But I will vengeance take,

## 246      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

I'll be revenged on them all,  
For brave Earl Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd      245  
After, on Humbledowne ;  
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,  
With lords of great renowne :

And of the rest, of small account,  
Did many thousands dye :      250  
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bleſs this land  
In plentye, joy, and peace ;  
And grant henceforth, that foule debate      255  
'Twixt noblemen may cease,

### II.

#### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

*These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses:" no date, 8vo. — Shirley flourished as a Dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened O.S. 29. 1666. Æt. 72.*

*This*



THE glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate :  
Death lays his icy hands on kings :  
Scepter and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;      10  
But their strong nerves at last must yield  
They tame but one another still.  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,      15  
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds :  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb,  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

## III.

## THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

*The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Rebellion in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569; which proved fatal to Thomas Percy the seventh earl of Northumberland.*

*There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Q. of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, two noblemen very powerful in the North. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all readily consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Q. Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the tower, and summons were sent to the Northern Earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person †. The Earl was then*

† This circumstance is over-looked in the ballad.

en at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, Brancepeth, where the country came in to them and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to remove evil counsellors from the queen, and cause justice to be done to the D. of Norfolk, and other lords in prison. Their common banner † (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq. of Norton-conyers: who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham and caused mass to be said there, they marched on to Clifford-moor near Wetherby, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have marched to York, but altering their minds they fell upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the E. of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the E. of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond that many of his men sunk away, tho' Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13. when the Earl of Suffex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northwards, towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Tho' this insurrection

† Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

*rebellion had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Suffolk and Sir George Bower, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham six or three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast that for sixty miles in length and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.*

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Carte and Rapin; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

**L**ISTEN, lively lordings all,  
Lithe and listen unto mee,  
And I will sing of a noble earle,  
The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,  
And after him walkes his faire ladie : ‡  
I heare a bird sing in mine eare,  
That I must either fight, or flee.

## Now

† This lady was Anne daughter of Henry Somerset E. of Worcester.

# AND BALLADS. 251

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,  
 That e'er such harm should hap to thee: 10  
 But goe to London to the court,  
 And fair fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,  
 Alas ! thy counsell suits not mee;  
 Mine enemies prevail so fast, 15  
 That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,  
 And take thy gallant men with thee :  
 If any dare to doe you wrong,  
 Then your warrant they may bee. 20

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,  
 The court is full of subtiltie ;  
 And if I goe to the court, lady,  
 Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes, 25  
 And I myfelfe will goe wi' thee :  
 At court then for my dearest lord,  
 His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare ;  
 Far lever had I lose my life, 30  
 Than leave among my cruell foes  
 My love in jeopardy and strife.

4 But

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,  
 Come thou hither unto mee,  
 To maister Norton thou must goe  
 In all the haste that ever may bee.

35

Commend me to that gentleman,  
 And beare this letter here fro mee;  
 And say that earnestly I praye,  
 He will ryde in my companie.

40

One while the little footpage went,  
 And another while he ran ;  
 Untill he came to his journeyes end,  
 The little footpage never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,  
 Down he knelt upon his knee ;  
 Quoth he, My lord commendeth him,  
 And sends this letter unto thee.

45

And when the letter it was redd  
 Affore that goodlye companye,  
 I wis, if you the truthe wold know,  
 There was many a weeping eye.

50

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,  
 A gallant youth thou seemst to bee ;  
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,  
 Now that good earle's in jeopardy ?

55

Father,

# AND BALLADS. 253

Father, my counselle's fair and free ;  
 That earle he is a noble lord,  
 And whatsoever to him you hight,  
 I wold not have you breake your word. 60

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,  
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,  
 And if we speed and scape with life,  
 Well advanced thou shalt bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes, 65  
 Gallant men I trowe you bee :  
 How many of you, my children deare,  
 Will stand by that good earle and mee ?

Eight of them did answer make,  
 Eight of them spake hastilie, 70  
 O father, till the daye we dye  
 We'll stand by that good earle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,  
 You shoue yourselves right bold and brave ;  
 And whetherfoe'er I live or dye, 75  
 A fathers blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,  
 Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire :  
 Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast,  
 Whatever it bee, to mee declare. 80  
 Father,

Father, you are an aged man,  
 Your head is white, your beards is gray,  
 It were a shame at these your yeares  
 For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francia,  
 Thou never learnedst this of mee :  
 When thou wert yong and tender of age,  
 Why did I make for much of thee ?

But, father, I will wend with you,  
 Unarm'd and naked will I bee,  
 And he that strikes against the crowne,  
 Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,  
 And with him came a goodlye band  
 To join with the brave Earl Percy,  
 And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,  
 The earle of Westmorland was hee :  
 At Wetherbye they mustred their host,  
 Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raifde,  
 The dun bull he rays'd on hye,  
 Three dogs with golden collars brave  
 Were there sett out most royallye.



# AND BALLADS.

255

Earl Percy there his ancyent spred,  
The halfe moone shining all foe faire :  
The Nortons ancyent had the croffe,  
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

105

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,  
After them some spoyle to make :  
Those noble earles turn'd backe againe,  
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

110

That baron he to his castle fled,  
To Barnard castle then fled hee.  
The uttermost walles were cathe to win,  
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

115

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke ;  
But thoughte they won them soon anone,  
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,  
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

120

Then newes unto leewe London came  
In all the speede that ever may bee,  
And word is brought to our royall queene  
Of the ryfing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,  
And like a royall queene she swore, †  
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,  
As never was in the North before.

125

† This is quite in character: her majesty would sometimes wear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

She caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,  
 With horse and harnais faire to see,  
 She caus'd thirty thousand men be raised,  
 To take the earles i'th' North countrie:

138

Wi' them the false Earle Warwick went,  
 Th' earle Suffex and the lord Hunsden;  
 Untill they to Yorke castle came  
 I wis, they never stint ne blan.

139

Now spread thy ancyent, Westmorland,  
 Thy dun bull faine would we spye:  
 And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,  
 Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

140

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,  
 And the halfe moone vanished away:  
 The Earles though they were brave and bold,  
 Against foe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes, 141  
 They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!  
 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,  
 Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight  
 They cruellye bereav'd of life:  
 And many a childe made fatherlesse,  
 And widowed many a tender wife.

150

## IV.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED  
BY DOUGLAS.

*This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas.—All the writers of that time assure us that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that TO TAKE HECTOR'S CLOAK, grew into a proverb to express a man, who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingshead, &c.*

*Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-leven, till the year 1572; when James Douglas Earl of Morton, being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden, at Berwick, and being carried to York, suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant Historian thinks, "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands, a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom during his exile in England*



Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,  
With a heavy heart and wel-away,  
When he with all his gallant men 15  
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,  
They dealt with him all treacherouslie;  
For they did strip that noble earle :  
And ever an ill death may they dye. 20

Falſe Hector to Earl Murray ſent,  
To ſhew him where his gueſt did hide :  
Who ſent him to the Lough-leven,  
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came; 25  
He halched him right courteouſlie :  
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,  
Here thou ſhalt ſafelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been  
Many a month and many a day; 30  
To the regent || the lord warden † ſent,  
That banniſht earle for to betray.

|| James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland,  
Nov. 24. 1572.

† Of one of the English marches. Lord Hunsden.

260      A N C I E N T S O N G S

He offered him great store of gold,  
 And wrote a letter fair to see :  
 Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,      31  
 And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper sate  
 With many a goodly gentleman :  
 The wylie Douglas then bespake,  
 And thus to flyte with him began :      40

What makes you be so fad, my lord,  
 And in your mind so forrowfullye ?  
 To-morrow a shootinge will bee held  
 Among the lords of the North cuntrye.

The butts are sett, the shooting's made,      45  
 And there will be great royaltie :  
 And I am sworne into my bille,  
 Thither to bring my Lord Percie.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,  
 And here by my true faith, quoth hee,      50  
 If thou wilt ride to the worldes end,  
 I will ride in thy companie.

And then bespake a lady faire,  
 Mary a Douglas was her name :  
 You shall bide here, good English lord,      55  
 My brother is a traiterous man.

AND BALLADS, 261

He is a traitor stout and strong,  
 As I tell you in privitie:  
 For he has tane liverance of the earle †,  
 Into England nowe to 'liver thee. 60

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,  
 The regent is a noble lord:  
 Ne for the gold in all England,  
 The Douglas wold not break his word,

When the regent was a banisht man, 65  
 With me he did faire welcome find;  
 And whether weal or woe betide,  
 I still shall find him true and kind,

Tween England and Scotland 'twold break truce,  
 And friends again they wold never bee, 70  
 If they shold 'liver a banisht earle  
 Was driven out of his own countrie,

Alas! alas! my lord, she sayes,  
 Nowe mickle is their traitorie;  
 Then let my brother ride his ways, 75  
 And tell those English lords from thee,

How that you cannot with him ride,  
 Because you are in an isle of the sea †,  
 S 3 Then

*Of the earl of Morton, the Regent.  
 i. e. Lake of Leven, which bath communication with the sea.*

262      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Then ere my brother come againe  
To Edinbrow castle ¶ Ile carry thee.

6

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,  
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,  
And he will lose both land and life,  
Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,  
When I thinke on my own countrie,  
When I thinke on the heavye happe  
My friends have suffered there for mee.

8

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,  
And fore those wars my minde distresse ;  
Where many a widow lost her mate,  
And many a child was fatherlesse.

90

And now that I a banisht man,  
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,  
To cause my faire and noble friends  
To be suspect of treacherie.

95

This rives my heart with double woe ;  
And lever had I dye this day,  
Then thinke a Douglas can be false,  
Or ever will his guest betray.

100

If

*At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.*



# AND BALLADS. 263

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,  
Nor unto mee no credence yield;  
Yet step one moment here aside,  
He shoue you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft, 115  
Never dealt in privy wyle;  
But evermore held the high-waye  
Of truth and honour, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourselfe, my ladye,  
Yet send your chamberlaine with mee; 110  
Let me but speak three words with him,  
And he shall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,  
She showed him through the wene of her ring  
How many English lords there were 115  
Waiting for his master and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,  
So royallye on yonder greene?  
O yonder is the lord Hunsdèn †:  
Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene. 120

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,  
That walkes so proudly him beside?  
S 4 That

*The Lord Warden of the East marches.*

264      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

That is Sir William Drury ||, she sayd,  
A keep captaine he is and tryed.

How many miles is it, madame,      125  
Betwixt yond English lords and mee ?  
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,  
To sayl to them upon the sea.

I never was on English ground,  
Ne never sawe it with mine eye,      129  
But as my book it sheweth mee,  
And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother she was a witch ladye,  
And of her skille she learned mee,  
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven      135  
What they did in London citie.

But who is yond, thou lady faire,  
That looketh with sic an austerne face ?  
Yonder is Sir John Foster †, quoth shee,  
Alas ! he'll do ye fore disgrace,      140

He pulled his hatt down over his browe,  
And in his heart he was full woe ;  
And he is gone to his noble lord,  
Those sorrowfull tidings him to show.

Now

|| Governor of Berwick.

† Warden of the Middle march.

# AND BALLADS. 265

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynard, 145  
 I may not believe that witch ladie :  
 The Douglasses were ever true,  
 And they can ne'er prove false to me.

I have now in Lough-leven been  
 The most part of these years three, 150  
 And I have never had noe outrake,  
 Ne no good games that I cold see,

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,  
 As to the Douglas I have hight ;  
 Betide me weale, betide me woe, 155  
 He ne'er shall find my promise light,

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,  
 And gave it to that faire ladie :  
 Sayes, It was all that I cold save,  
 In Harley woods where I cold bee \*. 160

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,  
 Then farewell truth and honestie ;  
 And farewell heart and farewell hand ;  
 For never more I shall thee see,

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd, 165  
 And all the saylors were on borde ;  
 Then William Douglas took to his boat,  
 And with him went that noble lord.

Then

\* i. e. Where I was. An ancient Idiom.

Then he cast up a silver wand,  
 Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well !  
 The lady fett a sigh so deepe,  
 And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,  
 A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie;  
 If ought befall yond lady but good,  
 Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes ;  
 Come on, come on, and let her bee :  
 There's ladies enow in Lough-leven  
 For to chear that gay ladie.

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,  
 Let me goe with my chamberlaine ;  
 We will but comfort that faire lady,  
 And wee will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes,  
 Come on, come on, and let her bee :  
 My sifter is crafty, and wold beguile  
 A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled † fifty mile,  
 Fifty mile upon the sea ;

† There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea  
 but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.

He sent his man to ask the Douglas,  
When they shold that shooting see.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fools faine,  
And that by thee and thy lord is seen :  
You may hap to think it soon enough, 195  
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamey his hatt pulled over his browe,  
He thought his lord then was betray'd ;  
And he is to Earle Percy againe,  
To tell him what the Douglas sayd. 200

Hold up thy head, man, quoth his lord ;  
Nor therfore let thy courage fail ;  
He did it but to prove thy heart,  
To see if he cold make it quail,

When they had other fifty sayd, 205  
Other fifty mile upon the sea,  
Lord Percy call'd to the Douglas himselfe,  
Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee ?

Looke that your bridle be wight, my lord,  
And your horse goe swift as ship at sea : 210  
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharp,  
That you may prick her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas, he sayd ?  
What needest thou to flyte with mee ?

## 268 ANCIENT SONGS

For I was counted a horseman good      215  
Before that ever I met with thee.

A false Hector he hath my horse,  
Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie ;  
A false Armstrong he hath my spurres,  
And all the getre that belongs to mee,      220

When they had sayled other fifty mile,  
Other fifty mile upon the sea ;  
They landed him at Berwick towne,  
The Douglas landed Lord Percie.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,      225  
It was, alas ! a sorrowful sight :  
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,  
Who ever was a gallant wight.

### V.

## MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

*This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every man out of his humour," first acted in 1599. A. 1. sc. 1. where an impatient person says*

" I am no such pil'd cynique to beleewe  
" That beggary is the onely happinesse,  
" Or, with a number of these patient fooles,

" To

*"To sing, " My minde to me a kingdome is,"*

*"When the lank hungry belly barks for foode."*

*It is printed from two ancient copies ; one of them in  
ick letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed " A sweet  
& pleasant sonet, entituled, " My Minde to me a King-  
dom is. To the tune of, In Crete, &c."*

**M**Y minde to me a kingdome is,  
Such perfect joye therein I find,

As farre exceeds all earthly blisse

That world affords, or growes by kind \* :

Though much I want that most men have,

5

Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live, this is my stay,

I seek no more than may suffice,

I prefe to bear no haughty sway,

Looke what I lacke my mind supplies :

10

Loe, thus I triumph like a king,

Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,

And hasty climbers oft do fall ;

I see how those that sit aloft,

15

Mishap doth threaten most of all ;

They get, they toyle, they spend with care,

Such cares my mind could never beare.

I laugh not at anothers losse,

I grudge not at anothers gaine ;

20

No

\* i. e. is bestowed by nature.

## A N C I E N T S O N G S

worldly wave my mind can tosse,  
 rooke that is anothers paine † :  
 I feare no foe, I scorne no friend,  
 I dread no death, I feare no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave, 25  
 I little have, yet seek no more ;  
 They are but poor, though much they have,  
 And I am rich with little store :  
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
 They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live. 30

My wealth is health and perfect ease,  
 My conscience clear my chiefe defence,  
 I never seek by bribes to please,  
 Nor by desert to give offence :  
 Loe thus I live, thus will I die, 35  
 Would all did so as well as I.

No princely pompe, no wealthy store,  
 No force to get the victory,  
 No wily wit to salve a fore,  
 No shape to win a lovers eye : 40  
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,  
 For why my mind despiseth all.

I joy

† i. e. I endure what gives another pain.



# AND BALLADS.

271

I joy not at an earthly blisse,  
 I weigh not Crefus' wealth a straw ;  
 For care, I care not what it is, 45  
 I fear not fortunes fatall law :  
 My mind is such as may not move  
 For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish not what I have at will,  
 I wander not to seek for more, 50  
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill,  
 In greatest storme I sit on shore,  
 And laugh at those that toile in vaine  
 To get that must be lost again.

I kifs not where I wish to kill, 55  
 I faine no love where most I hate,  
 I breake no sleep to winne my will,  
 I waite not at the mighties gate,  
 I scorne no poor, I fear no rich,  
 I feele no want, nor have too much. 60

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ;  
 Extreames are counted worst of all,  
 The golden meane betwixt them both,  
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall :  
 This is my choyce, for why I finde, 65  
 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

VI. THE

## VI.

## THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

*The following tale is found in an ancient poem in ALBION'S ENGLAND, written by W. WARNER, a celebrated Poet in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, 1560; and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in Vol. 2. p. 231, 232.*

*Altho' the following stanzas are printed from an edition in 1602, yet "The first and second Parts of Albion's England, &c." made their appearance in 1589, 4to; and were reprinted in 1597, under the title of "Albion's England, or continued historie of the same kingdom," &c. 4to. Ames's Typograph. where is preserved the memory of the publication of this writer's, intitled, "WARNER'S TRIUMPH OF TRUTH," printed in 1586, 12mo. and reprinted in 1602.*

*It is proper to premise, that the following lines were written by the Author in stanzas, but in long Alexandrine 14 syllables; which the narrowness of our page made it necessary to subdivide.*

**I**Mpatience chatingeth smoke to flame;  
 But jelousie is hell;  
 Some wives by patience have reduc'd  
 Ill husbands to live well:  
 As did the lady of an earle,  
 Of whom I now shall tell.

# AND BALLADS. 273

An earle & therē was had wedded, lov'd;  
 Was lov'd, and lived long  
 Full true to his fayre countesse; yet  
 At last he did her wrong. 10

Once hunted he untill the chace,  
 Long fasting, and the heat  
 Did house him in a peakish graunge  
 Within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place 15  
 And persons might afforde)  
 Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke  
 Were set him on the borde.

A cushion made of lifts, a stoole  
 Halfe backed with a hoope, 20  
 Were brought him, and he sitteth down  
 Besides a forry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread  
 Were wheat, their whig were perry,  
 Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds 25  
 Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in ruffet neatly clad,  
 With linen white as swanne,  
 Herselfe more white, save rosie where  
 The ruddy colour range : 30  
 Vol. III. T Whom

276 A N C I E N T S O N G S

How may I winne him to myfelfe ?  
 He is a man, and men  
 Have imperfektions ; it behooves  
 Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke, †  
 Although hee now were chaffe ;  
 A man controuled of his wife,  
 To her makes leffer hafte.

If dutie then, or daliance may  
 Prevayle to alter him ;  
 I will be dutifull, and make  
 My felfe for daliance trim.

So was ſhe, and ſo lovingly  
 Did entertaine her lord,  
 As fairer, or more faultles none  
 Could be for bed or bord.

Yet ſtill he loves his leiman, and  
 Did ſtill purſue that game,  
 Suspecting nothing leſs, than that  
 His lady knew the fame :  
 Wherefore to make him know ſhe knew,  
 She this deviſe did frame :

95

100

When

† To CHECK is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk ſtops and turns away from his proper purſuit : To CHECK alſo ſignifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verſe uſed in both ſenſes.

# AND BALLADS. 277

When long she had been wrong'd, and fought  
 The foresaid meanes in vaine,  
 She rideth to the simple graunge  
 But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, 105  
 And then did looke about her :  
 The guiltie household knowing her,  
 Did with themselves without her ;  
 Yet, for she looked merily,  
 The lesse they did misdoubt her. 110

When she had seen the beauteous wench  
 (Than blushing fairnes fairer)  
 Such beauty made the countesse hold  
 Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait ? 115  
 Thought she : and who (though loth)  
 So poore a wench, but gold might tempt ;  
 Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarfe one in twenty that had brag'd  
 Of proffer'd gold denied, 120  
 Or of such yeelding beautie hault,  
 But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she : and she thus declares  
 Her cause of coming thither,

278      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

My lord, oft hunting in these partes,  
Through travel, night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your house ;  
I thanke you for the same ;  
For why ? it doth him jolly ease  
To lie so neare his game.

But, for you have not furniture  
Befeceming such a guest,  
I bring his owne, and come myselfe .  
To see his lodging drest,

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,  
In which were hangings brave,  
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,  
And al such turn should have.

When all was handfomly dispos'd,  
She prayes them to have care  
That nothing hap in their default,  
That might his health impair :

And, Damsell, quoth shee, for it seemes  
This household is but three,  
And for thy parents age, that this  
Shall chiefly rest on thee ;

Do me that good, else would to God  
He hither come no more.

# AND BALLADS.

279

So tooke she horse, and ere she went  
Bestowed gould good store.

150

Full little thought the countie that  
His countesse had done so,  
Who now return'd from far affaires  
Did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within  
The late deformed cote,  
But that the formall change of things  
His wondring eies did note.

155

But when he knew those goods to be  
His proper goods ; though late,  
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes  
The matter to debate.

160

The countesse was a-bed, and he  
With her his lodging tooke ;  
Sir, welcome home (quoth shee) ; this night  
For you I did not looke.

165

Then did he question her of such  
His stuffe bestowed soe.  
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did  
Your love and lodging knowe :

170

Your love to be a proper wench,  
Your lodging nothing lesse ;

T 4

I held

280 ANCIENT SONGS

I held it for your health, the house  
More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her,  
Your lordship loveth me;  
And greater hope to hold you such  
By quiet, then brawles, 'you' see.

Then for my dutie, your delight,  
And to retaine your favour,  
All done I did, and patiently  
Expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought  
His gentle teares to fall:  
When (kissing her a score of times)  
Amend, sweet wife, I shall:  
He said, and did it; 'so each wife  
' Her husband may' recall,

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAUTYES.

*The author and date of this little sonnet are unkn*



*is printed from a written copy, which had all the marks  
great antiquity.*

**Y**OU meaner beutyes of the night,  
Which poorely satisfy our eyes,  
More by your number then your light,  
Like common people of the skyes ;  
What are yee, when the moon doth rise ? 5

Yee violets, that first appeare,  
By your purple mantles known,  
Like proud virgins of the yeare,  
As if the spring were all your owne ;  
What are yee when the rose is blown ? 10

Yee wandring chaunters of the wood,  
That fill the ayre with natures layes,  
Thinking your passions understood  
By weak accents : What is your praise  
When Philomel her voyce shall raise ? 15

So when my mistress shall be seen  
In sweetnesse of her looks, and minde ;  
By vertue first, then choyce a queen ;  
Tell mee if shee was not designde  
The ecclipse and glory of her kinde ? 20

## VIII.

## DOWSABELL.

*The following stanzas were written by MICHAEL DRAYTON, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. They are inserted in one of his Pastorals, the first edition of which bears this whimsical Title. "Idea. The Shepheards Garland, fashioned in nine Eglogs. Rowlands sacrifice to the nine muses. Lond. 1593," 4to. They are inscribed with the Author's name at length "To the noble and valorous gentleman master Robert Dudley, Esq." It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio Edn. of his works, 1619, he had given those Eclogues so thorough a revision that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old Edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his Shepherds,*

*Listen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,  
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,  
A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,  
My toothles grandame oft hath tolde to me.*

*The Author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical Romances; particularly that of SIR ISENBRAST, (alluded to in v. 3.) as the reader may judge from the following specimen:*

*Lordynges,*

† He was born in 1563, and died in 1631. Biog. Brit.

† As also Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas. v. 6.

*Lordynges, lyften, and you shal here, &c.*

*\* \* \* \* \**  
Ye shall well beare of a knyght,  
That was in warre full myght,  
And doughtye of his dede :

His name was Syr Iſenbras, 10  
Man nobler then he was

Lyved none with breade.

He was lyvely, large, and longe,  
With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,

That myghtie was to ſe : 15

He was a bardye man, and bye,  
All men hym loved that hym ſe,

For a gentyll knyght was he :

Harpers loved him in ball,  
With other minſtrels all, 20

For he gave them golde and fee, &c.

*This ancient Legend was printed in black letter, 4to, by William Copland; no date.—In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2.) is a MS copy of the same Romance containing the greatest variations. They are probably two different translations of some French Original.*

**F**ARRE in the countrey of Arden,  
There won'd a knight, hight Caſſement,  
As bolde as Iſenbras :

Fell was he, and eger bent,  
In battell and in tournament, 5

As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique ſtories tell,  
A daughter cleaped Dowſabel,  
A mayden ſayre and free :

And

## ANCIENT SONGS

Or she was her fathers heire,  
If well she was y-cond the leyre  
Of mickle curtesie.

The filke well couth she twist and twine,  
And make the fine march-pine,  
And with the needle werke :  
And she couth helpe the priest to say  
His mattins on a holy-day,  
And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,  
Might well befeeme a mayden queene,  
Which seemly was to see ;  
hood to that so neat and fine,  
In colour like the colombine,  
Y-wrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,  
As is the grasse that growes by Dove ;  
And lyth as lasse of Kent.  
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,  
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,  
Or swanne that swims in Trent.

This mayden in a morne betime,  
Went forth, when May was in her prime,  
To get sweete cetywall,  
The honey-fuckle, the harlocke,

The lilly and the lady-smocke,  
To deck her summer hall. 35

Thus, as she wandred here and there,  
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,  
She chanced to espie  
A shepheard sitting on a bencke, 40  
Like chanteclere he crowed cronicke.  
And pip'd full merrie.

He leard his sheepe as he him list  
When he would whistle in his list,  
To feede about him round ; 45  
Whilft he full many a caroll sung.  
Untill the fields and meadowes rung,  
And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherd man  
Was like the bearded "Tommye"  
Which helde proud king : 50  
But meeke he was a man, though he  
And innocent of ill :  
Whom his lowly sister knew

The shepheard was a lusty, young man  
Which was of the best sort,  
That could be met with here

\* Alluding to "Tommye the Shepherd". 1590. 2. 2. 1. 1. 1.

His mittens were of bauzens skinne,  
 His cockers were of cordiwin,  
 His hood of meniveere.

68

His aule and lingell in a thong,  
 His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,  
 His breech of coyntrie blewe :  
 Full crispe and curled were his lockes,  
 His browes as white as Albion rocks :  
 So like a lover true,

65

And pyping still he spent the day,  
 So merry as the popingay ;  
 Which liked Dowfabel :  
 That would she ought, or would she nought,  
 This lad would never from her thought ;  
 She in love-longing fell.

70

At length she tucked up her frocke,  
 White as a lilly was her smocke,  
 She drew the shepheard nye :  
 But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,  
 That all his sheepe forfooke their foode,  
 To heare his melodye.

75

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,  
 That have a jolly shepheards swayne,  
 The which can pipe so well :

80

Yca

# AND BALLADS.

287

Yes but, sayth he, their shepheard may,  
If pyping thus he pine away,  
In love of Dowdabel.

Of love, kind boy, take thou no keep, 8;  
Quoth she; looke thou unto thy sheepe,  
Lest they should hap to stray.  
Quoth he, so had I done full well,  
Had I not seene fayre Dowdabell  
Come forth to gather maye. 90

With that she gan to vaile her head,  
Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
But not a word she sayd :  
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,  
He threw his pretie pypes adowne, 95  
And on the ground him layd.

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,  
And leave my summer-hall undight,  
And all for long of thee.  
My coate, sayth he, nor yet my foulde 100  
Shall neither sheepe, nor shepheard hould,  
Except thou favour mee.

Sayth she, yet lever were I dead,  
Then I should lose my mayden-head,  
And all for love of men. 105  
Sayth

Fly to fools, that figh away their time : 5  
 My nobler love to heaven doth climb,  
 And there behold beauty still young,  
 That time can ne'er corrupt nor death destroy,  
 Immortal sweetnefs by fair angels fung,  
 And honoured by eternity and joy : 10  
 There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire,  
 Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

X.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN,

*—affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of “Hymen’s triumph: a pastoral tragicomédie” written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to. 1623. — Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton’s, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619.*

*This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of Daniel’s poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vol. 12mo. 1718.*

SYREN.

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,  
 Possesse these shores with me,  
 The windes and seas are troublesome,  
 And here we may be free.

VOL. III.

U

Here



292      A N C I E N T S O N G S

And with the thought of actions past  
Are recreated still :  
When pleasure leaves a touch at last  
To shew that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,  
That's out of custom bred ;  
Which makes us many other laws,  
Than ever nature did.  
No widdowes waile for our delights,  
Our sports are without blood ;  
The world we see by warlike wights  
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require  
These motions of unrest;  
And these great spirits of high desire  
Seeme borne to turn them best :  
To purge the mischiefs, that increase  
And all good order marr :  
For oft we see a wicked peace,  
To be well chang'd for war.

SYREN.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see 65  
 I shall not have thee here;  
 And therefore I will come to thee,  
 And take my fortune there.  
 I must be wonne that cannot win,  
 Yet lost were I not wonne: 70  
 For beauty hath created bin  
 T' undoo or be undone,

XI.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

*This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I, is printed from the 4th edition of Davison's poems\*, &c. 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, intitled, "Le Prince d'amour." 1660. 8vo.—Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Q. of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found pieces by Sir J. Davis, the countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.*

U 3

In

\* See the full title in vol. 2. p. 289.

*In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miscellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq; but erroneously, his probably written before he was born. One edit. of Denham's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born 1610, and died in 1642-3. Ath. Ox. II. 23.*

**I**T chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,  
That went to seek his straying sheep,  
Within a thicket on a plain  
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face ;  
Her careless arms abroad were cast ;  
Her quiver had her pillows place ;  
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;  
Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ;  
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,  
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,  
Whom if she wak't he durst not see ;  
Behind her closely seeks to creep,  
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,  
And puts his own into their place ;  
Nor dares he any longer stay,  
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,  
 And spies the shepherd standing by :  
 Her bended bow in haste she takes,  
 And at the simple swain lets fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc't his heart,      25  
 That to the ground he fell with pain :  
 Yet up again forthwith he start,  
 And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a fight,  
 She shot, and shot, but all in vain ;      30  
 The more his wounds, the more his might,  
 Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,  
 She blames her hand, she blames her skill ;  
 The bluntness of her shafts she fears,      35  
 And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,  
 Each little touch will pierce thy heart :  
 Alas ! thou know'st not Cupids craft ;  
 Revenge is joy ; the end is smart.      40

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare ;  
 Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand  
 Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,  
 That made the shepherd senseless stand.

296      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

That breast she pierc't ; and through that breast  
 Love found an entry to her heart ;  
 At feeling of this new-come guest,  
 Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start ?

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;  
 Away she throws both shaft and bow :  
 She seeks for what she shun'd before,  
 She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may ;  
 What other lovers do, did they :  
 The god of love sate on a tree,  
 And laught that pleasant fight to see.

XII.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

*This little moral poem is printed at the end of Sir Thomas Overbury's " Wife, &c. Lond. 1638." It is also found in the volume, intitled, " Le prince d'amour. 1660." and in a small collection of MS poems, 4to. in the editor's possession. It is said to be written " by Sir H. W." probably Sir HENRY WOTTON, who died provost of Eaton, in 1639. Æt. 72.*

HOW

**H**OW happy is he borne or taught,  
That serveth not anothers will ;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill :

Whose passions not his master are ; 5  
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death ;  
Not ty'd unto the world with care  
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ; 10  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruine make accusers great :

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,  
Or vice : Who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise, 15  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who God doth late and early pray  
His graces more then gifts to lend ;  
And entertaines the harmlesse day  
With a well-chosen booke or friend. 20

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall ;  
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing yet hath all.

*This little beautiful  
of "Poems by THOM  
"men of the privie-c.  
"majesty (Charles I),  
almost-forgotten writer,  
died in the prime of his a.  
In the original follow  
of general application, not  
to omit.*

**H**EE that loves a ro  
Or a corall lip ad  
Or from star-like eyes do  
Fuell to maintaine his  
As old time makes these  
So his flames must waste av

But a smooth and stedfast m  
Gentle thoughts, and cal  
Hearts with equal love comb  
Kindle never-dying fires  
Where these are not I despise  
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or

• • • • •

## XIV.

## G I L D E R O Y,

— was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street: At least the GILDEROY, who is the hero of Scottish Songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for in Thompson's *Orpheus Calidoniensis*, vol. 2. p. 33. 8vo. is a copy of this ballad, which tho' corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of remote antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary 2. of Scots: *ex. gr.*

“ The Queen of Scots possessed nought,

“ That my love let me want:

“ For cow and ewe he brought to me,

“ And ein when they were scant.”

Those lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that seems to have received some modern corrections. Inwardly the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuriations: that required the pruning buck.

G I L



# ANCIENT SONGS

when of me his leave he tuik,

The tears they wat mine ee,

ve tull him a parting luik,

My benison gang wi' thee!

I speed the weil, mine ain dear heart,

or gane is all my joy;

My heart is rent sith we maun part,

My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,

Was fear'd in every toun;

And bauldly bare away the gear,

Of many a lawland loun;

Nane eir durst meet him man to man,

He was fae brave a boy,

At length wi' numbers he was tane,

My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loon that made the laws,

To hang a man for gear,

To 'reave of life for ox or afs,

For sheep, or horse, or mare:

Had not their laws been made fae strick,

I neir had lost my joy,

Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,

For my dear Gilderoy.

# AND BALLADS. 303

Giff Gilderoy had done amiff,  
 He mought hae banisht been,  
 Ah! what fair cruelty is this, 75  
 To hang fike handsome men :  
 To hang the flower o' Scottifh land,  
 Sae sweet and fair a boy ;  
 Nae lady had fae white a hand,  
 As thee, my Gilderoy. 80

Of Gilderoy fae fraid they were,  
 They bound him mickle ftrong,  
 Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,  
 And on a gallows hung :  
 They hung him high aboon the reft, 85  
 He was fae trim a boy,  
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued beft,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,  
 I bare his corpf away, 90  
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,  
 I wafht his comelye clay ;  
 And fiker in a grave fae deep,  
 I laid the dear-lued boy,  
 And now for evir mann I weep, 95  
 My winfome Gilderoy.

## 34 ANCIENT SONGS

### XV.

#### WINIFREDA

*This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject so not neglected by the liberalist poets, is printed in fine modern collections as a translation "from the ancient British language;" how truly I know not. See the Musical Repository; vol. 6. 1731. 2vo.*

**A**WAY; let nought to love dispending,  
My Winifreda, move your care;  
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors  
With pompous titles grace our blood?  
We'll shine in more substantial honors,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:  
And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
How they respect such little folk.

What

# AND BALLADS. 305

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
 No mighty treasures we possess,  
 We'll find within our pittance plenty, 15  
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season  
 Sufficient for our wishes give;  
 For we will live a life of reason,  
 And that's the only life to live. 20

Through youth and age in love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread;  
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures, 25  
 While round my knees they fondly clung;  
 To see them look their mother's features,  
 To hear them lip their mother's tongue.

And, when with envy time transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys, 30  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I'll go a wooing with my boys.

## XVI.

J E M M Y   D A W S O N .

*This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact that happened among the executions after the last rebellion in 1745: it was written by the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq. soon after the event, and has been printed among his popular works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. copy, which contained some small variations from that which was printed.*

C O M E listen to my mournful tale,  
     Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;  
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
     Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,  
     Do thou a pensive ear incline;  
 For thou canst weep at every woe,  
     And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,  
     A brighter never trod the plain;  
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,  
     And dearly was he lov'd again.

# A N D B A L L A D S.

307

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,  
 Of gentle blood the damsel came,  
 And faultless was her beauteous form, 15  
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,  
 That led the faithful youth astray,  
 The day the rebel clans appear'd :  
 O had he never seen that day ! 20

Their colours and their fast he wore,  
 And in the fatal dress was found ;  
 And now he must that death endure,  
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek, 25  
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear ?  
 For never yet did Alpine snows  
 So pale, nor yet so chill appear,

With faltering voice she weeping said,  
 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart, 30  
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,  
 For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,  
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,  
 O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee 35  
 My prisons should never close.

308      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

The gracious prince that gives him life  
 Would crown a never-dying flame,  
 And every tender babe I bore  
 Should learn to liſp the giver's name.

40

But though, dear youth, thou ſhouldeſt be dragg'd  
 To yonder ignominious tree,  
 Thou ſhalt not want a faithful friend  
 To ſhare thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,  
 The ſledge mov'd ſlowly on before ;  
 Tho' borne in a triumphal car,  
 She had not lov'd her favourite more.

45

She followed him, prepar'd to view  
 The terrible becheſts of law ;  
 And the laſt ſcene of Jemmy's woes  
 With calm and ſtedfaſt eye ſhe ſaw.

50

Diſtorted was that blooming face,  
 Which ſhe had fondly lov'd ſo long ;  
 And ſtifed was that tuneful breath,  
 Which in her praiſe had ſweetly ſung :

55

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,  
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd ;  
 And mangled was that beauteous breaſt,  
 On which her love-ſick head repos'd ;

60

And

And ravish'd was that constant heart,  
 She did to every heart prefer;  
 For tho' it could his king forget,  
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames 65  
 She bore this constant heart to see;  
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
 Yet, yet, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show  
 The pure and lasting love I bore : 70  
 Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,  
 And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;  
 The maid drew back her languid head, 75  
 And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,  
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;  
 For seldom shall she hear a tale,  
 So sad, so tender, and so true. 80



## XVII.

## THE WITCH OF WOKEY,

— was published in a small collection of poems intitled, EUTHEMIA, OR THE POWER OF HARMONY, &c. 1756. written by an ingenious Physician near Bath, who chose to conceal his name. The following contains some variations from the original copy, which it is hoped the author will pardon, when he is informed they came from the elegant pen of the late Mr. Shenstone.

WOKEY-HOLE is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils Cave in Italy. Thro' a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is cross'd by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications; which on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

**I**N aunciente days tradition showes  
A base and wicked elfe arose,  
The Witch of Wokey hight:  
Oft have I heard the fearfull tale  
From Sue, and Roger of the vale,  
On some long winter's night.

5  
Deep

# AND BALLADS.

311

Deep in the dreary difmall cell,  
Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,  
This blear-eyed hag did hide:  
Nine wicked elves, as legends fayne,  
She chofe to form her guardian trayne,  
And kennel near her fide.

10

Here screeching owls oft made their neft,  
While wolves its craggy fides poffeft,  
Night-howling thro' the rock :  
No wholefome herb could here be found;  
She blafed every plant around,  
And blifter'd every flock.

15

Her haggard face was foul to fee;  
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;  
Her eyne of deadly leer,  
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;  
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,  
And marr'd all goodly chear.

20

All in her prime, have poets fung,  
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,  
E'er blest her longing armes:  
And hence arofe her fpight to vex,  
And blaf the youth of either fex,  
By diat of hellifh charms.

25

30

## 312      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

From Glaston came a lerned wight,  
 Full bent to marr her fell despight,  
     And well he did, I ween :  
 Sich mischief never had been known,  
 And, since his mickle lerninge shewn,  
     Sich mischief ne'er has been.

35

He chaunted out his godlie booke,  
 He croft the water, blest the brooke,  
     Then—pater noster done ;  
 The ghaftly hag he sprinkled o'er ;  
 When lo ! where stood a hag before,  
     Now stood a ghaftly stone.

40

Full well 'tis known adown the dale ;  
 Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,  
     And doubtfull may appear,  
 I'm bold to say, there's never a one,  
 That has not seen the witch in stone,  
     With all her household gear.

45

But tho' this lernede clerke did well ;  
 With grieved heart, alas ! I tell,  
     She left this curse behind :  
 That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,  
 Tho' sence and beauty both unite,  
     Should find no leman kind.

50

For

# AND BALLADS.

313

For lo! even, as the fiend did say,

55

The sex have found it to this day,

That men are wondrous scant :

Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,

With all that's good and virtuous join'd,

Yet hardly one gallant.

60

Shall then such maids unpitied moane ?

They might as well, like her, be stone,

As thus forsaken dwell.

Since Glaston now can boast no clerks ;

Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,

65

And, oh! revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair ;

Virtue's the gods' peculiar care ;

I hear the gracious voice :

Your sex shall soon be blest agen,

70

We only wait to find such men,

As best deserve your choice.

## XVIII.

### BRYAN AND PEREENE,

#### A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,

—is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of  
Christophers about two years ago. The editor owes the  
following

### 314 ANCIENT SONGS

*following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. JAMES GRAINGER\*, who was in the island when this tragical incident happened, and is now an eminent physician there. To this ingenious gentleman the public is indebted for the fine ODE ON SOLITUDE printed in the IVth Vol. of Dodsley's Miscel. p. 229. in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which ought to be corrected thus*

O Solitude, romantic maid,  
Whether by nodding towers you tread,  
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,  
Or bower e'er the yawning tomb,  
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,  
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,  
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,  
From Hecla view the thawing deep,  
Or at the purple dawn of day  
Tadmor's marble wastes survey, &c.

*alluding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day†.*

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,  
The ship was safely moor'd,  
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,  
And so leapt over-board.

Percene, the pride of Indian dames,  
His heart long held in thrall,  
And who so his impatience blames,  
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long

\* Author of a poem on the Culture of the SUGAR-CANE lately published. † So in pag. 335. Turn'd her magic ray.

# AND BALLADS 315

A long long year, one month and day,  
 He dwelt on English land, 10  
 Nor once in thought or deed would stray,  
 Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,  
 Right blythsome roll'd his een,  
 Sweet was his voice where'er he sang, 15  
 He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,  
 That grac'd his mistress true;  
 Such charms the old world seldom saw,  
 Nor oft I ween the new. 20

Her raven hair plays round her neck,  
 Like tendrils of the vine;  
 Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,  
 Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied, 25  
 She cast her weeds away,  
 And to the palmy shore she hied,  
 All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,  
 She there impatient stood; 30  
 The crew with wonder saw the lad  
 Repell the foaming flood.

Her

# 316      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,  
Which he at parting gave ;  
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,  
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,  
Rejoicing crowd the strand ;  
For now her lover swam in call,  
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,  
To clasp her lovely swain ;  
When, ah ! a shark bit through his waste :  
His heart's blood dy'd the main !

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave, 45  
Streaming with purple gore,  
And soon it found a living grave,  
And ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,  
Fetch water from the spring : 50  
She falls, she swoons, she dyes away,  
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb  
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,  
So may your lovers scape his doom, 55  
Her hapless fate scape you.

## XIX.

## GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

*Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient Ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors, than most other nations; they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language Romances, and have collected them into volumes under the titles of El Romancero, El Cancionero †, &c. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish "History of the civil wars of Granada," describing the dissensions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this History (or perhaps, Romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate these beautiful pieces.*

*The Spanish editor pretends (how truly I know not) that they are translations from the Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of language and sentiment, which runs through these poems, prove that they are ancient; or, at least, that they were written before the Castilians began to form themselves on the model of the Tuscan poets, and had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has for these*

two

† i. e. The ballad-singer.



### 318 ANCIENT SONGS

two centuries past so miserably infected the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so unnatural affected, and obscure.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English Bards and Minstrels, the Reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small Collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curi-  
 osity it is accompanied with the original. The Metre is the same in all these old Spanish songs: and its plain unpolished nature strongly argues its great antiquity. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike, the consonants may be altogether different, as

pone	caña	meten	arcos
noble	cañas	muere	gamo

Ta

‘RIO verde, rio verde,  
 ‘Quanto cuerpo en ti se baña

‘De Christianos y de Moros  
 ‘Muertos por la dura espada!

‘Y tus ondas cristalinas  
 ‘De roxa sangre se esmaltan:  
 ‘Entre Moros y Christianos  
 ‘Muy gran batalla se trava.

5

‘Murieron Duques y Condes,  
 ‘Grandes señores de salva:  
 ‘Murio gente de valia  
 ‘De la nobleza de España.

10

‘Ei

*has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleasing to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of us is given from two different originals, both of which are noted in the Hist. de las civiles guerras de Granada. ad. 1694. One of them hath the rhymes ending in AA, other in YA. It is the former of these that is here re-nted. They both of them begin with the same line,*

Rio verde, rio verde †,  
which could not be translated faithfully ;

Verdant river, verdant river,  
would have given an affected stiffness to the verse ; the great merit of which is its easy simplicity ; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

† Literally, Green river, green river.

GENTLE river, gentle river,  
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,  
Many a brave and noble captain  
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters, 5  
All beside thy sands so bright,  
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors  
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes  
On thy fatal banks were slain : 10  
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter  
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There

## A N C I E N T   S O N G S

ti murio don Alonso,  
Que de Aguilar se llamaba ;  
El valeroso Urdiales,  
Con don Alonso acababa.

or un ladera arriba  
El buen Sayavedra marcha ;  
aturel es de Sevilla,  
De la gente mas granada.

Tras el iba un Renegado,  
Esta manera le habla,  
Date, date, Sayavedra,  
No huyas de la Batalla.

Yo te conozco muy bien,  
Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa :  
Y en la Plaza de Sevilla  
Bien te vide jugar cañas.

Conozco a tu padre y madre,  
Y a tu muger doña Clara ;  
Siete años fui tu cautivo,  
Malamente me tratabas.

Y aora lo feras mio,  
Si Mahoma me ayudara ;  
Y tambien te tratare,  
Como a mi me tratabas.

# AND BALLADS. 321

There the hero, brave Alonzo  
 Full of wounds and glory died :  
 There the fearless Urdiales 15  
 Fell a victim by his side.

Lo ! where yonder Don Saavedra  
 Thro' the squadrons flow retires ;  
 Proud Seville, his native city,  
 Proud Seville his worth admires. 20

Cloſe behind a renegado  
 Loudly ſhouts with taunting cry ;  
 Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,  
 Doeſt thou from the battle fly ?

Well I know thee, haughty Chriſtian, 25  
 Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ;  
 Oft I've in the liſts of glory  
 Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,  
 Well thy blooming bride I know, 30  
 Seven years I was thy captive,  
 Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wiſhes,  
 Haughty chief, thou ſhalt be mine :  
 Thou ſhalt drink that cup of forrow, 35  
 Which I drank when I was thine.

VOL. III. Y Like

- ‘ Sayavedra que lo oyera,  
‘ Al Moro bolvio la cara ;  
Tirole el Moro una flecha,  
‘ Pero nunca le acertaba.
- ‘ Hirióle Sayavedra  
‘ De una herida muy mala :  
‘ Muerto cayo el Renegado  
‘ Sin poder hablar palabra.
- ‘ Sayavedra fue cercado  
‘ De mucha Mora canalla,  
‘ Y al cabo cayo alli muerto  
‘ De una muy mala lançada.
- ‘ Don Alonso en este tiempo  
‘ Bravamente peleava,  
‘ Y el cavallo le avian muerto,  
‘ Y le tiene por muralla.
- ‘ Mas cargaron tantos Moros  
‘ Que mal le hieren y tratan :  
‘ De la sangre, que perdía,  
‘ Don Alonso se desmaya.
- ‘ Al fin, al fin cayo muerto  
‘ Al pie de un peña alta. —  
‘ — Muerto queda don Alonso,  
‘ Eterna fama ganara.’

\* \* \* \* \*

Like a lion turns the warrior,  
 Back he sends an angry glare :  
 Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,  
 Vainly whizzing thro' the air. 40

Back the hero full of fury  
 Sent a deep and mortal wound :  
 Instant sunk the Renegado,  
 Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded, 45  
 Brave Saavedra stands at bay :  
 Wearied out but never daunted,  
 Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo  
 Stout resists the Paynim bands ; 50  
 From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,  
 Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,  
 Furious he repels their rage ;  
 Loss of blood at length infeeble : 55  
 Who can war with thousands wage !

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows,  
 Close beneath its foot retir'd,  
 Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,  
 And without a groan expir'd. 60

\* \* \* \* \*

# AND BALLADS.

325

**S**OFTLY blow the evening breezes,  
Softly fall the dews of night ;  
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,  
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,  
Whom he loves with flame so pure :  
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,  
He a young and noble Moor.

5

Waiting for the appointed minute,  
Oft he paces to and fro ;  
Stopping now, now moving forwards,  
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

10

Hope and fear alternate teize him,  
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.——  
See, fond youth, to yonder window  
Softly steps the timorous fair.

15

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre  
To the lost benighted swain,  
When all silvery bright she rises,  
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

20

Lovely seems the sun's full glory  
To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
When some horrid storm dispersing,  
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

Y 3

But

# THE SCENE

But a faintest trace more lowly  
 'Tis her image, love, I see  
 Breaks out from the midnight shadows  
 From the glimmerings of the night.

Tap me hard the anxious lover,  
 Whispering such a gentle sigh -  
 Aida \* keep close, love, say:  
 Tell me, am I loved or no?

Is it true the fearful story,  
 Which thy sister tells my rage?  
 That soldst thy beauty for riches  
 That will sell thy youth as age?

An old lord from Antiquora  
 Thy stern father brings along;  
 He said thou, innocent Zaida,  
 E'er consent my love to wrong?

If it's true now plainly tell me,  
 Nor thus trifle with my woes;  
 Hide not then from me the secret,  
 Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,  
 While the pearly tears descend:

45

Ah!

\* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.



Ah! my lord, too true the story;  
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,  
Well are known our mutual vows;  
All my friends are full of fury;  
Storms of passion shake the house. 50

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;  
My stern father breaks my heart;  
Alla knows how dear it costs me,  
Generous youth, from thee to part. 55

Ancient wounds of hostile fury  
Long have rent our house and thine,  
Why then did thy shining merit  
Win this tender heart of mine? 60

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee  
Spite of all their hateful pride,  
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father  
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruell chidings  
Oft I've from my mother borne,  
What I've suffered here to meet thee  
Still at eve and early morn. 65

I no longer may resist them,  
All, to force my hand combine;  
Y 4 To-

## ANCIENT SONGS

—tomorrow to thy rival  
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida  
Can survive so great a wrong,  
Well my breaking heart assures me  
That my woes will not be long.

75

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor !  
Farewel too my life with thee !  
Take this scarf a parting token,  
When thou wear'st it think on me.

80

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden  
Shall reward thy generous truth,  
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida  
Died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him all amaz'd, confounded,  
Thus she did her woes impart :  
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd, O Zaida,  
Do not : do not break my heart.

85

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ?  
Canst thou hold my love so small ?  
No ! a thousand times I'll perish !—  
My curst rival too shall fall.

90

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them ?  
O break forth, and fly to me !

This

A N D B A L L A D S. 329

This fond heart shall bleed to save thee, 95

These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,

Spies surround me, bars secure,

Scarce I steal this last dear moment,

While my damself keeps the door. 100

Hark, I hear my father storming!

Hark, I hear my mother chide!

I must go: farewell for ever!

Gracious Alla be thy guide!

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

# A G L O S S A R Y

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN

VOLUME THE FIRST.

*The Scottish words are denoted by s. French by f. Latin by l. Anglo-saxon by A. S. Islandic by isl. &c. For the etymology of the words in this and the following Volumes, the Reader is referred to JUNI; ETYMOLOGICON AMPLI-  
CANUM. EDIDIT EDW. LYE, OXON. 1743. FOL.*

*If any words should not occur here, they will be found in the  
Glossaries to the other Volumes.*

## A.

A', au. s. *ail*.

A Twyde. p. 6. of  
*Tweed.*

Abacke. *back.*

Abone, aboon, aboone. s. a-  
*bove.*

Abraide. *abroad.*

Afton. p. 47. a kind of ar-  
mour made of taffaty, or  
leather quilted, &c. worn  
under the habergeon to save  
the body from bruises. f.  
*Hocqueton.*

Aft. s. *oft.*

Agayne. *against.*

Agoe. *gone.*

Ain, awin. s. *own.*

Al gife. *alibough.*

Alate. p. 88. of late.

An. p. 75. and.

Ano. s. *one, an.*

Ancyent. *standard.*

Aras. p. 5. arros. p. 9. *arrows.*

Arcir. p. 75. *archer.*

Affinde. *assigned.*

Affoyl'd, affoyled. *absolved.*

Afate. *estate.*

Aftound. p. 184. *astonyed, astun-  
ed, astonished, confounded.*

Ath. p. 6. athe. p. 9. o' th',  
of the.

Avoyd. p. 184. *void, vacate.*

Aureat. *golden.*

Aufterne. p. 264. *Aern, austere.*

## B.

Ba. s. *ball.*

Bacheleere, batchilere. p. 32,  
&c. *knight.*

Bairne. s. *child.*

Baith, s. bathe. p. 11. *both.*

*Baile,*

- Baile, bale. *p.* 38. 79. *evil, hurt, mischief, misery.*  
 Balys bete. *p.* 17. *better cure, bales, i. e. remedy our evils.*  
 Band. *p.* 45. *bond, covenant.*  
 Bane. *p.* 11. *bone.*  
 Bar. *bare.*  
 Bar-hed. *bare-head, or perhaps bared.*  
 Barne. *p.* 7. *berne. p.* 22. *man, person.*  
 Base court. *p.* 89. *the lower court of a castle.*  
 Basnete, basnite, basnyte, basfonet, bassonete. *helmet.*  
 Bauzens skinne. *p.* 286. *tanned sheep's skin.*  
 Be that. *p.* 6. *by that time.*  
 Bearing arow. *p.* 157. *an arrow that carries well.*  
 Bedight. *p.* 90. *bedecked.*  
 Bedyls. *beadles.*  
 Beheard. *heard.*  
 Beete. *did beat.*  
 Beforn. *before.*  
 Begylde. *beguiled, deceived.*  
 Behests. *p.* 308. *commands, injunctions.*  
 Behove. *p.* 161. *behoof.*  
 Belyfe. *p.* 152. *belive. immediately.*  
 Bende-bow. *a bent bow. qu.*  
 Ben, bene. *been.*  
 Benifon. *blefing.*  
 Bent. *p.* 5. *bents. p.* 39. *(where rushes grow) the field; fields.*  
 Benynge. *p.* 114. *benigne. benign, kind.*  
 Beste. *best, art.*  
 Bestis. *beasts.*  
 Bestrawghted. *p.* 165. *distracted.*  
 Beth. *be, are.*  
 Bickarte. *p.* 5. *bicker'd. skirmished.*  
 Bill, &c. *p.* 260. *I have delivered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.*  
 Blane. *p.* 12. *blanne. p.* 42. *did blin. i. e. stop.*  
 Blaw. *s. blow.*  
 Blaze. *to emblazon, display.*  
 Blee. *colour, complexion.*  
 Bleid. *s. blede. bleed.*  
 Blist. *bleffed.*  
 Blive. *p.* 85. *belive. immediately.*  
 Bloomed. *p.* 285. *beset with bloom.*  
 Blude. *blood. blude reid. s. blood red.*  
 Bluid, bluidy. *s. blood, bloody.*  
 Blyve. *p.* 156. *belive. instantly.*  
 Boare. *bare.*  
 Bode. *p.* 110. *abode.*  
 Boltes. *shafts, arrows.*  
 Bomen. *p.* 5. *bow-men.*  
 Bonny, bonnic, bonnye. *s. comely.*  
 Boone. *p.* 91. *a gift, present.*  
 Boot, boote. *p.* 79. *advantage, help, assistance.*  
 Borrowe, borowe. *pledge, surety.*  
 Borowe. *p.* 139. *to redeem by a pledge.*  
 Borrowed. *p.* 31. *warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.*  
 Bot and. *s. p.* 102. *and also.*  
 Bot. *but.*  
 Bote. *boot, advantage.*  
 Bougill. *s. bugle-horn, hunting-horn.*  
 Bounde, bowned. *prepared.*  
 Bowndes. *bounds.*  
 Bowne ye. *prepare ye.*  
 Bowne.



- leather: here it signifies a more vulgar sort.*  
 Corfiare. *p. 12. courser.*  
 Cote. *cot, cuitage. Item. coat.*  
 Coulde. *cold. Item. could.*  
 Cold be. *p. 265. was. could dye. p. 29. died. a phrase.*  
 Countie. *p. 279. count, earl.*  
 Coupe. *p. 273. a little pen for poultry.*  
 Couth. *could.*  
 Coyntrie. *p. 286. Coventry.*  
 Crage. *p. 22. cragg.*  
 Crancke. *springly, exulting.*  
 Credence. *belief.*  
 Crevis. *crevice, chink.*  
 Cricke. *p. 172.*  
 Cristes cors. *p. 8. Christs curse.*  
 Crowth. *crutch (in p. 162. it ought perhaps to be clowch. clutch, grasp.)*  
 Cryance. *belief. f. creance. But in p. 39. &c. it seems to signify "fear." f. crainte.*  
 Cum. *s. come. p. 10. came.*
- D.**
- Dampned. *condemned.*  
 De, dey, dy. *p. 7. 15. 10. die.*  
 Deepe-fette. *deep-fetched.*  
 Deid. *s. dede. deed. Item. dead.*  
 Deip. *s. depe. deep.*  
 Deir. *s. deere, dere. dear.*  
 Dell. *p. 88. deal. every dell.*  
 Denay. *deny. rhiibmi gratia.*  
 Depured. *p. 89. pure, runclear.*  
 Descreve. *describe.*  
 Dight. *decked, put on.*  
 Dill. *p. 38. dole, grief, pain.—dill I drye. p. 38. pain I suffer. dill was dight. p. 36. grief was upon him.*
- Dint. *stroke, blow.*  
 Dis. *p. 75. this.*  
 Discult. *discussed.*  
 Dites. *dities.*  
 Dochter. *s. daughter.*  
 Dole. *p. 37. grief.*  
 Doleful dumps. *p. 165. 244. sorrowful gloom.*  
 Dolours. *dolourous, mournful.*  
 Doth, dothe, doeth. *do.*  
 Doughte, doughte, doughtie, *doughty, formidable.*  
 Doughtie. *i. e. doughty man.*  
 Downae. *s. p. 34. cannot.*  
 Doute. *doubt. Item. fear.*  
 Douted. *doubt, feared.*  
 Dois. *s. doys. does.*  
 Drap. *s. drop.*  
 Dre. *p. 13. drie. p. 101. drye. p. 29. suffer.*  
 Dreid. *s. dredde, drede. dread.*  
 Dreips. *s. drips, drops.*  
 Drovyers, drovers. *p. 237. probably the same as*  
 Dryvars. *p. 5. drivers.*  
 Drye. *p. 29. suffer.*  
 Dryghnes. *dryness.*  
 Duble dyse. *double dice. i. e. false dice.*  
 Dughtie. *doughty.*  
 Dule. *s. dole. grief.*  
 Dyd, dyde. *did.*  
 Dyght. *p. 12. dight. p. 50. dressed, put on, put.*  
 Dynte. *p. 12. dint, blow, stroke.*  
 Dysgysyngc. *disguising, masking.*
- E.**
- Eame, eme. *p. 26. uncle.*  
 Eathe. *easy.*  
 Ee. *s. eie. eye.*

- Een, eyne. *eyes.*  
 Ech, eche, eiche. *each.*  
 Ein. s. *even.*  
 Eir, evir. s. *e'er, ever.*  
 Eke. *also.*  
 Eldern. s. *elder.*  
 Elke. p. 29. *each.*  
 Ellumynynge. p. 113. *em-  
 bellishing: to illumine a book,  
 was to ornament it with  
 paintings in miniature.*  
 Ellyconys. *Helicon's.*  
 Endyed. *dyed.*  
 Enharpit, &c. p. 113. *booked, or  
 edged with mortal dread.*  
 Enkankered. *cankered.*  
 Envie. p. 23. *envye. p. 26.  
 malice, ill-will, injury.*  
 Erst. s. *heretofore.*  
 Eterminable. p. 116. *inter-  
 minable, unlimited.*  
 Everychone. *every-one.*  
 Exed. p. 88. *asked.*

## F.

- Fa. s. *fall.*  
 Fach, feche. *fetch.*  
 Fain, fayne. *glad, fond.*  
 Faine of fighte. p. 65. *fond of  
 fighting.*  
 Faine, fayne. *feign.*  
 Fals. *false. Item. falleth.*  
 Fare. p. 55. *pass.*  
 Farden. p. 47. *fared, flabbed.*  
 Farley. *wonder.*  
 Faulkone. *faulcon.*  
 Fay. *faith.*  
 Fayer. p. 25. *fair.*  
 Faytors. p. 115. *deceivers,  
 dissemblers, cheats.*  
 Fe. *fee, bribe. Also, land.*  
 Feat. p. 274. *nice, neat.*  
 Featoufly. *neatly, dextrously.*  
 Feere, fere. *mate.*  
 Feir. s. *fere. fear.*  
 Fendys pray, &c. p. 115. *fr  
 being the prey of the fiends.*  
 Ferfly. *fiercely.*  
 Fefante. *pheasant.*  
 Fette. *fetched.*  
 Fetteled, fettled. *prepared,  
 dressed, made ready.*  
 Filde. *field.*  
 Finaunce. p. 115. *fine, f  
 seizure.*  
 Fit. p. 9. *fyt. p. 139. fytt.*  
 76. *Part or Division of  
 song. hence p. 68. fitt i.  
 strain of music. See vol. 2.  
 161, 383.*  
 Flyte. p. 172, 260. *flout, m*  
 Foo. p. 31. *foes.*  
 For. *on account of.*  
 Forbode. p. 159. *prohibiti  
 q. d. God forbid.*  
 Forefend. *prevent, defend.*  
 Formare. *former.*  
 Forthynketh. p. 154. *repente  
 vexeth, troubleth.*  
 Forfed. p. 111. *regard  
 heeded.*  
 Forst. p. 70. *forced, compelle.*  
 Fosters of the fe. p. 155. *f  
 resters of the king's demesi.*  
 Fou, fow. s. *full.*  
 Fowarde, vawarde. *the van*  
 Fre-bore. p. 75. *free-born.*  
 Freake, freke. *freyke. m.  
 person, human creature.*  
 Freckys. p. 10. *persons.*  
 Frie. s. *free.*  
 Freits. s. *ill omens, ill luck.*  
 Fuyson, soison. *plenty.*  
 Fyll. p. 110. *fell.*  
 Fyr. *fire.*



## G.

Gair. s. *geer*, *dress*.  
 Gamon. p. 41. *game*. hence  
 backgamon.  
 Gane, gan. *began*.  
 Gane, gan. *gone*.  
 Garde. p. 10. *made*.  
 Ganyde. p. 10. *gained*.  
 Gare, gar. *make*.  
 Gargeyld. p. 88. *perhaps from*  
 Gargouille. f. *the spout of a*  
*gutter. The tower was a-*  
*dorned with spouts cut in*  
*the figures of gray-bounds,*  
*kons, &c.*  
 Garland. p. 82. *the ring, with-*  
*in which the prick or mark*  
*was set*.  
 Gear. s. *geer*. p. 302. *goods*.  
 Getinge. p. 24. *what he had*  
*got, his plunder, booty*.  
 Geve, gevend. *give, given*.  
 Gi, gie. s. *give*.  
 Gife, giff. *if*.  
 Gin. s. *an, if*.  
 Give owre. s. *surrender*.  
 Glede. p. 7. *a red hot coal*.  
 Glent. p. 5. *glanced*.  
 Glofe. p. 110. *set a false glefs,*  
*or colour*.  
 Gode. *good*.  
 Goggling eyen. *goggle eyes*.  
 Gone. p. 47. *go*.  
 Gowd. s. *gould*. *gold*.  
 Graine. p. 173. *scarlet*.  
 Gramercye. *God-a-mercy: or*  
*perhaps, Grant mercy*.  
 Graunge. p. 273. *granary*.  
 Grea-hondes. *grey-bounds*.  
 Grece. p. 88. *a flight of steps*.  
 Greece. p. 149. *a fat bart;*  
*from f. graisse*.

Grennyng. *grinning*. [*from*  
*Bale. pt. 2. Ed. 1550. fol. 83.*]  
 Gret, grat. *great*.  
 Greves. *groves, bushes*.  
 Grisly grooned. p. 30. *dread-*  
*fully groaned*.  
 Groundwa. p. 103. *ground-wall*.  
 Gude. guid, geud. s. *good*.

## H.

Ha, [hae.] s. *have*. *Item. hall*.  
 Habergeon. f. *a lesser coat of mail*.  
 Halched, halfed. *saluted, em-*  
*braced, fell on his neck, from*  
 Halsē. *neck*.  
 Halefome. *wholesome, healthy*.  
 Handbow. p. 160. *in opposition*  
*to a Crois-bow*.  
 Harlocke. p. 284.  
 Haried, harried, harowed. p.  
 141. 22. *barrowed, barrowed*.  
 Hastarddis. p. 109. *probably,*  
*rabble raised in Haste*.  
 Haviour. *behaviour*.  
 Hauld. s. *to hold*. *Item. hold,*  
*strong hold*.  
 Hawberk. *a coat of mail*.  
 Hayll. *advantage, profit*. p. 25.  
*for the profit of all England*.  
 A. S. Hæl. *salus*.  
 He. p. 5. hee. p. 24. hye. *high*.  
 He. p. 150. hye. *to his*.  
 Heal. p. 10. *bail*.  
 Hear. p. 111. *bere*.  
 Heare, heares. *bair, hairs*.  
 Hed, hede. *head*.  
 Heere. p. 86. *bear*.  
 Heighte. p. 27. *on high, aloud*.  
 Hend. *kind, gentle*.  
 Heir. s. *here*. p. 9. *bear*.  
 Helt. p. 197. *hast*.  
 Hest. p. 42. *command, injunction*.  
 Hether.

- Langsomē.** s. p. 301. *long, tedious.* Lang. s. *long.*  
**Lauch,** lauched. s. *laugh, laughed.*  
**Launde.** p. 149. *lawn.*  
**Lay-land.** p. 41. *land that is not plowed: green-fewerd.*  
**Lay-lands.** p. 49. *lands in general.*  
**Layden.** *laid.*  
**Laye.** p. 41. *law.*  
**L:ane.** p. 27. *conceal, hide.*  
*Item. lye. query.*  
**Leanyde.** *leaned.*  
**Leard.** *learned, taught.*  
**Leafe.** p. 149. *lying, falsehood.*  
*Withouten leafe. verily.*  
**Leafynge.** *lying, falsehood.*  
**Lee.** p. 105. *the field.*  
**Leeche.** *physician.*  
**Leechingē.** p. 37. *doctoring, medicinal care.*  
**Leeve London.** p. 255. *dear London, an old phrase.*  
**Leeveth.** *believed.*  
**Leſe.** p. 153. *leeve. dear.*  
**Leſe.** *leaf. leaves. leaves.*  
**Leive.** s. *leave.*  
**Leman,** leaman, leiman. *lover; mistress.* A. S. *leifman.*  
**Lenger.** *longer.*  
**Lere.** p. 47. *face, complexion.*  
*A. S. hleape, facies, vultus.*  
**Lerned.** *learned, taught.*  
**Leſynge.** p. 154. *leaving, lying, falsehood.*  
**Let.** 5. *binder.* 66. *hundred.*  
**Letteit.** *hindereſt, detaineſt.*  
**Lettyng.** p. 151. *hindrance.*  
**Lever.** *rather.*  
**Leyre, lere.** p. 284. *learning, lore.*  
**Lig.** s. *lie.*  
**Lightſorne.** p. 39. *cheerful, sprightly.*  
**VOL. III.**
- Liked.** p. 286. *pleased.*  
**Linde.** p. 148. *the lime tree; or collectively lime trees; or Trees in general.*  
**Lingell.** p. 286. *a thread of hemp rubbed with roſin, &c. uſed by ruſtics for mending their ſhoes.*  
**Lith, lithē, lythe.** p. 131. *attend, hearken, liſten.*  
**Lither.** p. 67. *idle, worthleſs, naughty, forward.*  
**Liver.** *deliver.*  
**Liverance.** p. 261. *deliverance (money, or a pledge for delivering you up.)*  
**Loke.** p. 285. *lock of wood.*  
**Longes.** *belongs.*  
**Loolet, loſed.** *loſed.*  
**Lope.** *leaped.*  
**Loveth.** *love. plur. number.*  
**Lough.** p. 147. *laugh.*  
**Louked.** *looked.*  
**Loun:** s. p. 302. *lown.* p. 174. *lozn, raſcal. from the Iriſh liun. ſlothful, ſluggiſh.*  
**Louted.** p. 48. *bowed, did obeysance.*  
**Lowe.** p. 84. *a little bill.*  
**Lurden.** p. 141. *ſluggard, drone.*  
**Lynde.** p. 147. *lyne.* p. 82. *See Linde.*  
**Lyth.** p. 284. *liſtſome, pliant, flexible, eaſy, gentle.*  
**Lythe.** *idem.* (p. 76. *See Lith.*)
- M.**
- Mahound, Mahowne.** *Mabomet*  
**Maieſte, maiſt, mayeſte.** *mayſt.*  
**Mair.** s. *mare. more.*  
**Makys, maks.** *mates.*  
**Male.** p. 10. *coat of mail.*  
**Mane.** p. 7. *man. Item. man.*  
**Z**  
**March.**

March-perti. p. 15. *march-parti*.  
 Marche-man. a flower of the  
*marches*.

March-pine. p. 284. *march-  
 pane*. a kind of biscuit.

Maistrye. p. 81. *maystry*. p.  
 157. a trial of skill, high  
*proof of skill*.

Mauger. p. 4. *spite of*.

Maun. s. mun. *must*.

May'. *maid*. *rhythmi gratia*.

Mayd, mayde. *made*.

Mayne. p. 51. *force, strength*.  
 p. 77. *horse's mane*.

Meany. p. 5. *retinue, train*,  
*company*.

Meed. *meede*. *reward*.

Men of armes. p. 28. *gens d'  
 armes*.

Meniveere. p. 286. *white fur*.

Merches. *marches*.

Met. p. 6. *meit*. s. *mete*. *meet*,  
*fit, proper*.

Meyne. p. 147. *see* Meany.

Minged. p. 40. *mentioned*.

Mildoubt. 277. *suspect, doubt*.

Milken. *mistake*.

Mode. p. 147. *mood*.

Monynday. *monday*.

Mores. p. 40. *hills, wild downs*.

Morne. s. p. 73. *on the morrow*.

Mort. p. 6. *the death of the deer*.

Most. p. 111. *must*.

Mought, mot, mote. *might*.

Mun, maun. s. *must*.

Mure, mures. s. *wild downs*,  
*flats, &c.*

Musis. *musics*.

Myghte. *mighty*.

Myllan. *Milan steel*.

Myne-ye-ple. p. 10. *perhaps*  
*Mary-pies, or, folds*.

Myrry. *merry*.

Mystryd. p. 113. *misap-  
 plied to a bad purpose*

## N.

Na, nae. s. *no, none*.

Nams. *names*.

Nar. p. 6. *nare*. *nor*.

Nst. *not*.

Nec, ne. *nigh*.

Neigh him neare. *ap-  
 him near*.

Neir. s. *nerc*. *ne'er, new*

Neir. s. *nerc*. *near*.

Nicked him of naye. p. 6.  
*nicked him with a reft*

Nipt. *pinched*.

Nobles. *noblest, nobleness*.

None. *noon*.

Nourice. s. *nurse*.

Nyc, ny. *nigh*.

## O.

O gin. s. *O if! a phrase*.

On. *one*. on man. p. 1.  
*man*. One. p. 25. *on*.

Or, ere. p. 20 24. *before*

Or eir. s. *before ever*.

Orisons. *prayers*.

Ost, oste. *host*.

Out owre. s. *quite over*.

Outrake. p. 265. *an out-  
 or expedition*. to raik  
*go fast*. (Or perhaps *On*  
*asitting out Mr Dav*

Oware of none. *hour of n*

Owre, ovr. s. *o'er*.

Owt. *out*.

## P.

Pa. s. *the river Po*.

p. 47. *a robe of state.*  
 ple and pall. i. e. *a*  
*ble robe, or cloak. a pbrase.*  
 our. p. 288. *lover. Item.*  
*ifrefsi.*

all. p. 113. *equal.*

party. p. 8. *a part.*

. p. 110. *a large kind*  
*biold. (Glosi. G. Doug.)*  
*lane. pavillion, tent.*

. 153. *liking, satisfaction.*

h. p. 273. *small, mean,*  
*v.*

pere. *peer, equal.*

. *a banner, or streamer*  
*re on the top of a lance.*

us, parlous. *perilous,*  
*gerous.*

ht. *perfect.*

. p. 115. *peerless.*

l. p. 9. *parted.*

eres. *play-fellows.*

ng. *complaining.*

nce. *pleasure.*

p. 24. *pitched.*

p. 268. *peeled, bald.*

b. 173. *famish, starve.*

itte, pyte. *pity.*

il. p. 214. *pompous.*

s. p. 88. *porterefs.*

gay. p. 286. *a parrot.*

pou: pow'd. s. *pull:*  
*d.*

prese. *press.*

, prefed. *pressed.*

p. 182. *ready.*

. p. 150. *prestlye. p.*  
*quickly.*

s. p. 81. *the marks to*  
*at.*

-wand. p. 82. *a wand*  
*ip for a mark.*

l. p. 23. *sturred re,*  
*d.*

Prowes. p. 112. *prowefs.*

Prycke. p. 156. *the mark:*  
*commonly a bazel-wand.*

Pryme. p. 132. *day break.*

Pulde. p. 10. *pulled.*

## Q.

Quail. p. 49, 267. *shrink.*

Quadrant. p. 88. *four-square.*

Quarry. p. 237. *slaughtered*  
*game, deer, &c. See pag. 6.*

Quere, quire. *choir.*

Quest. p. 142. *inquest.*

Quha. s. *who.*

Quhan. s. *when.*

Quhar. s. *where.*

Quhat. s. *what.*

Quhatten. s. *what.*

Quhen. s. *when.*

Quhy. s. *why.*

Quyrry. p. 6. *See quarry above.*

Qyte. p. 16. *requited.*

## R.

Raine. *reign.*

Rayne, reane. *rain.*

Reachles. p. 83. *careless.*

Reas. p. 5. *raise.*

Reave. *bereave.*

Reckt. *regarded.*

Reade. p. 22. *rede. advise. p.*  
*23. but off.*

Reek. s. *smak.*

Reid. s. *rede, reed. red.*

Reid-roan. s. *red-roan.*

Rekeies, rekielle. *regardless,*  
*void of care, rash.*

Reu. p. 59. *reuisse. p. 65.*

Reu. p. 59, 65.

Reu. run.

Reyed. *refused.*

Z 2

Revz,

- sothe, south, southe.  
*b, truth.*  
*. s. should.*  
 n, soudain. *sultan.*  
*. s. four.*  
 , soare. *sore.*  
*. silk.*  
 spaik. *s. spake.*  
 p. 61. *speeded.*  
*. s. speak.*  
 y.c. p. 12. *perhaps*  
 ded. *beld. or, Spanned.*  
*sped.*  
 , speere. *spear.*  
 p. 172. *spille. p. 52.*  
*l, come to harm.*  
 te. 10. *sputed, sprung out.*  
 , spurne. *a kick. p. 16.*  
*Tear.*  
*. spied.*  
 p. 112. *lost, destroyed.*  
 p. 7. *spyte. spite.*  
*. p. 115. perhaps, stabliss.*  
 orthlye, p. 22. *stoutly.*  
*. s. stean. p. 75. stone.*  
*ye. steady.*  
*. s. stede. speed.*  
 p. 13. *stet.*  
 p. 47. *stiff.*  
*. stenu: or perhaps, stars.*  
*. stars.*  
*. start.*  
 , sterted. *started.*  
 , start. p. 295. *started.*  
 1. p. 85. *voice.*  
 1. p. 81. *time.*  
 p. 22. *quiet, silent.*  
*stop, stopped.*  
 ide stage. p. 22. *many a*  
*ing, travelling journey.*  
 eres. *flanders by.*  
 d, stownde. p. 142. 29.  
 e, *while.*
- Stour. p. 13. 70. *stower. p. 40.*  
*stowre. p. 29. 50. fight.*  
 Streght. p. 10. *straight.*  
 Strekene. *stricken, struck.*  
 Stret. *street.*  
 Strick. *strick.*  
 Stroke. p. 10. *struck.*  
 Stude. *s. flood.*  
 Styntyde, stinted. *stayed, stopped.*  
 Suar. *sure.*  
 Sum. *s. some.*  
 Sumpters. p. 278. *horses that*  
*carry cloaths, furniture, &c.*  
 Swapte. p. 10. *swapped. p. 28.*  
 swopede. p. 28. *struck vio-*  
*lently.*  
 Swat, swatte. p. 28. *swotte. p.*  
*28. did sweat.*  
 Swear. p. 6. *sware.*  
 Sward. *sword.*  
 Sweavens. *dreams.*  
 Sweit. *s. swete. sweet.*  
 Swith. p. 70. *quickly, instantly.*  
 Syd. *side.*  
 Syne. p. 23. 25. *then, after-*  
*wards.*  
 Syth. *since.*

## T.

- Take. *taken.*  
 Talents, p. 61.  
 Taine. *s. tane. taken.*  
 Tear. p. 16. *this seems to be*  
*a proverb. That tearing or*  
*pulling occasioned this spurn*  
*or kick.*  
 Teenefu. *s. p. 106. full of in-*  
*digination, wrathful, furious.*  
 Teir. *s. tere. tear.*  
 Teene. p. 139. *tene. p. 109.*  
*sorrow, indignation, wrath.*  
*Properly, injury, affront.*  
 Thair.

"I am not a  
man of letters,  
but I am a man of  
letters."  
I am not a  
man of letters,  
but I am a man of  
letters.

"I am not a  
man of letters,  
but I am a man of  
letters."  
I am not a  
man of letters,  
but I am a man of  
letters.

We

*vail.*  
*rus.*  
*s.*  
*ve will.*  
*'d. p. 40. think ;*  
  
*well.*  
*. weep.*  
*259. an inter-*  
*ief.*  
*urce of pity.*  
*, belly, bowels.*  
*swelled strong it.*  
*go, gas.*  
*stern.*  
*. untill.*  
*d.*  
*. uchoja.*  
*iff.*  
*. perfox. p. 25.*  
  
*17. fring, 21.*  
*kis.*  
*17. tignuffy.*  
*ffail.*  
*81. wandering,*  
  
*notary.*  
*the wit.*  
*. 222. the stone*  
*lump. with the*  
*g. the*  
*p. 27. at a tree*  
*at water*  
*g. exale.*  
*the*  
*wonderful.*  
*mat.*  
*L.*  
*p. —. Louis de*  
*de water*  
*man & his*  
*was first*

Yf. *if.*

Z.

Ygnorance. *ignorance.*Yngelisse. *English.*Ze, zea. *s. ye.*Ynglonde. *England.*Zeir. *s. year.*Yode, *went.*Zellow. *s. yellow.*Youe. *p. 7. you.*Zonder. *s. yonder.*Yt. *it.*Zong. *s. young.*Yth. *p. 6. in the.*Zour. *s. your.*

×× The printers have usually substituted the letter *z* to prets the character *3*, which occurs in old MSS: but w not to suppose that this *3* was ever pronounced as our mode it had rather the force of *y* (and perhaps of *gh*) being no than the Saxon letter *ȝ*, which both the Scots and English in many instances changed into *y*, as *ȝeapn yard*, *ȝeapn*, *ȝeong young*, &c.

THE END OF VOLUME THE FIRST



See Page 230





1. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function  $f(x)$  defined by the equation  $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$ . It is shown that  $f(x)$  is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition  $f(0)$ .

2. In the second part, we consider the problem of finding the maximum value of the function  $f(x)$  on the interval  $[0, 1]$ . It is shown that the maximum value is attained at  $x = 0$  and is equal to  $f(0)$ .

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function  $f(x)$  defined by the equation  $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$ . It is shown that  $f(x)$  is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition  $f(0)$ .

4. In the fourth part, we consider the problem of finding the maximum value of the function  $f(x)$  on the interval  $[0, 1]$ . It is shown that the maximum value is attained at  $x = 0$  and is equal to  $f(0)$ .

5. The fifth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function  $f(x)$  defined by the equation  $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$ . It is shown that  $f(x)$  is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition  $f(0)$ .

6. In the sixth part, we consider the problem of finding the maximum value of the function  $f(x)$  on the interval  $[0, 1]$ . It is shown that the maximum value is attained at  $x = 0$  and is equal to  $f(0)$ .

7. The seventh part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function  $f(x)$  defined by the equation  $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$ . It is shown that  $f(x)$  is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition  $f(0)$ .

8. In the eighth part, we consider the problem of finding the maximum value of the function  $f(x)$  on the interval  $[0, 1]$ . It is shown that the maximum value is attained at  $x = 0$  and is equal to  $f(0)$ .

9. The ninth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function  $f(x)$  defined by the equation  $f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$ . It is shown that  $f(x)$  is a constant function, and its value is determined by the initial condition  $f(0)$ .

10. In the tenth part, we consider the problem of finding the maximum value of the function  $f(x)$  on the interval  $[0, 1]$ . It is shown that the maximum value is attained at  $x = 0$  and is equal to  $f(0)$ .

Soth, sothe, south, southe.

*sooth, truth.*

Sould. s. *should.*

Sowden, soudain. *sultan.*

Sowre. *sour.*

Sowre, soare. *sore.*

Soy. s. *silk.*

Spak, spaik. s. *spake.*

Sped. p. 61. *speeded.*

Speik. s. *speak.*

Spendy. c. p. 12. *perhaps*

Hended. held. or, Spanned.  
*grasped.*

Spere, speere. *spear.*

Spill. p. 172. spille. p. 52.

*spoil, come to harm.*

Sprente. 10. *spurted, sprung out.*

Spurn, spurne. a kick. p. 16.

*See Tear.*

Spyde. *spied.*

Spylt. p. 112. *lost, destroyed.*

Spyt. p. 7. spyte. *spite.*

Stable. p. 115. *perhaps, stablish.*

Stalworthlye, p. 22. *stoutly.*

Stane. s. *stean.* p. 75. *stone.*

Steedye. *stately.*

Steid. s. *stede.* *stead.*

Stele. p. 13. *steel.*

Stark. p. 47. *stiff.*

Sterne. *stern:* or *perhaps, stars.*

Sterris. *stars.*

Sterte. *stert.*

Sterte, Sterted. *started.*

Sterte, start. p. 295. *started.*

Steven. p. 85. *voice.*

Steven. p. 81. *time.*

Still. p. 22. *quiet, silent.*

Stint. *stop, stopped.*

Stirande stage. p. 22. *many a*

*stirring, travelling journey.*

Stonderes. *standers by.*

Stound, stownde. p. 142. 29.  
*time, while.*

Stour. p. 13. 70. *flower.* p. 40.

*stowre.* p. 29. 50. *fight.*

Streight. p. 10. *straight.*

Strekene. *stricken, struck.*

Stret. *street.*

Strick. *street.*

Stroke. p. 10. *struck.*

Stude. s. *stood.*

Styntye, stinted. *stayed, stopped.*

Suar. *sure.*

Sum. s. *some.*

Sumpters. p. 278. *horses that*  
*carry cloaths, furniture, &c.*

Swapte. p. 10. *swapped.* p. 28.

Swopede. p. 28. *struck vio-*  
*lently.*

Swat, swatte. p. 28. *swotte.* p.  
28. *did sweat.*

Swear. p. 6. *sware.*

Sweard. *sword.*

Sweavens. *dreams.*

Sweit. s. *swete.* *sweet.*

Swith. p. 70. *quickly, instantly.*

Syd. *side.*

Syne. p. 23. 25. *then, after-*  
*wards.*

Syth. *since.*

## T.

Take. *taken.*

Talents, p. 61.

Taine. s. *tane.* *taken.*

Tear. p. 16. *this seems to be*  
*a proverb, That tearing or*  
*pulling occasioned this spurn*  
*or kick.*

Teenefu. s. p. 106. *full of in-*  
*digination, wrathful, furious.*

Teir. s. *tere.* *tear.*

Teene. p. 129. *tene.* p. 109.  
*sorrow, indignation, wrath.*  
*Properly, injury, affront.*

Thair.

- Thair. s. *their*.  
 Thame. s. *them*.  
 Than. *then*.  
 Thair. s. *there*. *there*.  
 The. *thee*. Thend. *the end*.  
 The. *they*. the wear. p. 5. *they were*. the blew. p. 6. *they blew*.  
 Thear, theare. p. 23. ther. p. 6. *there*.  
 Thee. *thrive*. mote he thee. *may be thrive*.  
 Ther. p. 5. *their*.  
 Therfor. p. 7. *therefore*.  
 Ther-to. *thereto*.  
 Thes. *these*.  
 Theyther-ward. p. 134. *thitherward*, towards that place.  
 Thie. *thy*.  
 Thoule. s. p. 174. *thou art*.  
 Thowe. *thou*.  
 Thrae. p. 55. *should be Throw*. s. *through*.  
 Thrall. p. 95. *captive*. p. 270. *captivity*.  
 Thrang. s. *throng*.  
 Thre. thrie. s. *three*.  
 Threape. p. 175. *rebuke, chide*, scold. Also, *positive assertion*.  
 Thritte. *thirty*.  
 Throng. p. 140. *hastened*.  
 Throe. *throw*.  
 Till. p. 16. *unto*.  
 Till. p. 68. *entice*.  
 Tine. *lose*. tint. *lost*.  
 To. 100. Item. *two*.  
 Ton. p. 7. *tone*. *the one*.  
 Tow. s. p. 104. *to let down with a rope*, &c.  
 Tow, towe. *two*.  
 Traitorie, traitory. *treachery*.  
 Tre. *tree*, *wood*.  
 Treytory. *traitory*, *treachery*.  
 Tride. *tryed*.  
 Trow. p. 173. *think*, *conceive*, know.  
 Trowthe, trothe. *truth*.  
 Tru, trewe. *true*.  
 Tuik. s. *took*.  
 Tul. s. *till*, *to*.  
 Turn. p. 278. *such turn*. *such an occasion*.  
 Twa. s. *two*.  
 Twin'd. s. p. 33. *twisted*, *turned*.  
 Tym, tyme. *time*.

## V. U.

- Vices. p. 88. *screws*; or *perhaps turning pins, saws*.  
 Vilane. p. 109. *raskally*.  
 Undernead. *underneath*.  
 Undight. *undressed*.  
 Unmacklye. *mishapen*.  
 Unsett steven. p. 81. *unappointed time*, *unexpectedly*.  
 Untyll. *unto*. p. 139. *against*.  
 Voyded. p. 144. *quitted*, *left the place*.  
 Upe. *up*. Upone, *upon*.  
 Utlawz. p. 75. *outlaws*.

## W.

- Wad. s. *wold*, *wolde*. *would*.  
 Wae worth. s. *woe betide*.  
 Waltering. *weltering*.  
 Wane. p. 11. *perhaps* (*rythmi gratia*) *for whang*, the noise made by a bow in emitting the arrow. see Sowne Gl. V. 2.  
 War. p. 6. *aware*.  
 Warldis. s. *worlds*.  
 Wat. p. 8. *wot*, *know*, *am aware*.  
 Wat. s. *wet*.  
 Wayde. p. 96. *waved*.  
 Wayward. p. 311. *forward*, *peevish*.  
 Weale. p. 92. *happiness*, *prosperity*.

Weal.

*p.* 15. *wail*.  
*is.* *widowus*.  
*is.* *clothes*.  
*we'll, we will*.  
*; ween'd.* *p.* 40. *think*;  
*ght*.  
*s.* *wet*.  
*s.* *welc.* *well*.  
*s.* *wepe.* *weep*.  
*way.* *p.* 259. *an inter-*  
*on of grief*.  
*f pitc.* *source of pity*.  
*s.* *womb, belly, hollow*.  
*s.* *p.* 148. *worried, thought*.  
*, wends.* *go, goes*.  
*in.* *s.* *western*.  
*s.* *p.* 267. *utill*.  
*urd.* *board*.  
*c.* *p.* 112. *wubofo*.  
*lys.* *wiliff*.  
*n.* *p.* 167. *person.* *p.* 267.  
*ng, lusty*.  
*ty.* *p.* 77. *strong, lusty*,  
*we, nimble*.  
*tly.* *p.* 37. *vigorously*.  
*s.* *p.* 72. *stail*.  
*lle.* *p.* 81. *wandering*,  
*ing*.  
*lling.* *s.* *winding*.  
*ae.* *s.* *will not*.  
*ome.* *s.* *p.* 302. *ban ifome*.  
*p.* 256. *know.* *wilk.* *knew*.  
*woo.* *p.* 9. *woe*.  
*begone.* *p.* 47. *lost in woe*,  
*wubelmed with grief*.  
*'d.* *p.* 283. *dwelled*.  
*e.* *p.* 13. *one*.  
*derfly.* *wondersusly*.  
*e, wood.* *mad*.  
*ne.* *dwell*.  
*dwete.* *p.* 77. *should be*  
*odweele or wodewale*;  
*golden ouzle, a bird of*  
*thrush-kind.* *G'eff.* *Chauc.*

*Worthc.* *worby*.  
*Wot.* *know.* *wotes.* *knows*.  
*Wouch.* *p.* 9. *mischiefs, evil*.  
*A.S.* *Yohg.* *i.e.* *Wohg.* *malum*.  
*Wrang.* *s.* *wrung*.  
*Wreke, wreak.* *revenge*.  
*Writhe.* *p.* 265. *writbed*,  
*twisted*.  
*Wroken.* *revenged*.  
*Wronge.* *wrung*.  
*Wul.* *s.* *will*.  
*Wyght.* *p.* 283. *strong, lusty*.  
*Wyghtye.* *p.* 156. *the same*.  
*Wyld.* *p.* 5. *wild deer*.  
*Wynne.* *p.* 25. *joy*.  
*Wyfte.* *p.* 6. *knew*.

## Y.

*Y-cleped.* *called*.  
*Y-con'd.* *taught, instructed*.  
*Y-fere* *together*.  
*Y-founde.* *found*.  
*Y-picking.* *p.* 285. *picking*,  
*culling, gathering*.  
*Y-flaw.* *flain*.  
*Y-were.* *were*.  
*Y-wis.* *p.* 90. *verily*.  
*Y-wrought.* *wrought*.  
*Yate.* *gate*.  
*Yche.* *each*.  
*Ychyseled.* *carved with the*  
*chizzel*.  
*Ydle.* *idle*.  
*Ye bent, y-bent.* *bent*.  
*Ye seith, y-seith.* *in rain*.  
*Yenoughe, ynoughe.* *enough*.  
*Yeidyre.* *yielded*.  
*Yerarchye.* *hierarchy*.  
*Yere, yeere.* *year, years*.  
*Yerle.* *p.* 8. *evil*.  
*Yerle.* *p.* 5. *evil*.  
*Yelteen.* *s.* *yellow*.



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